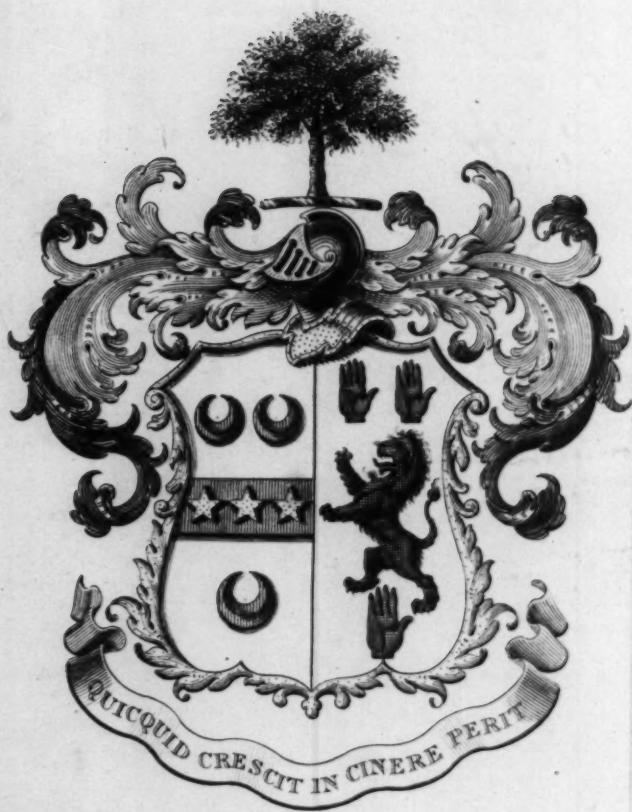
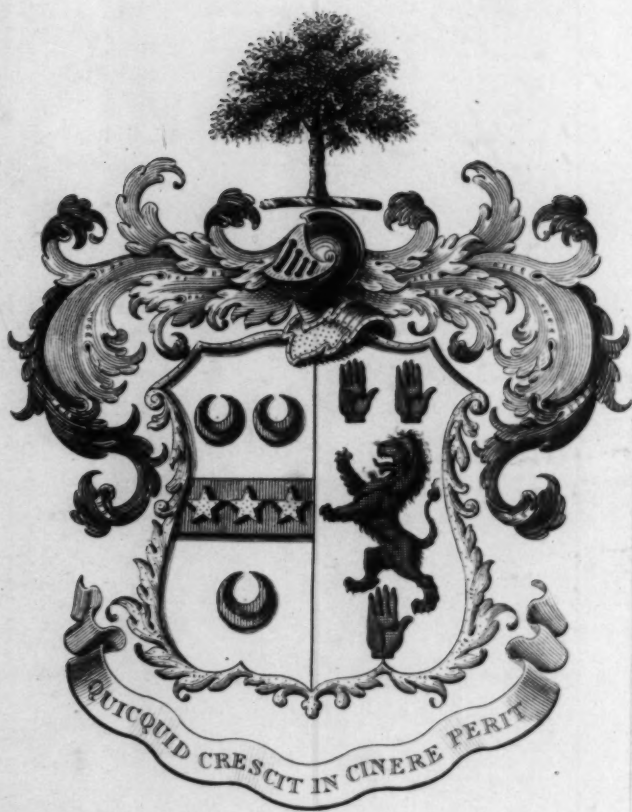
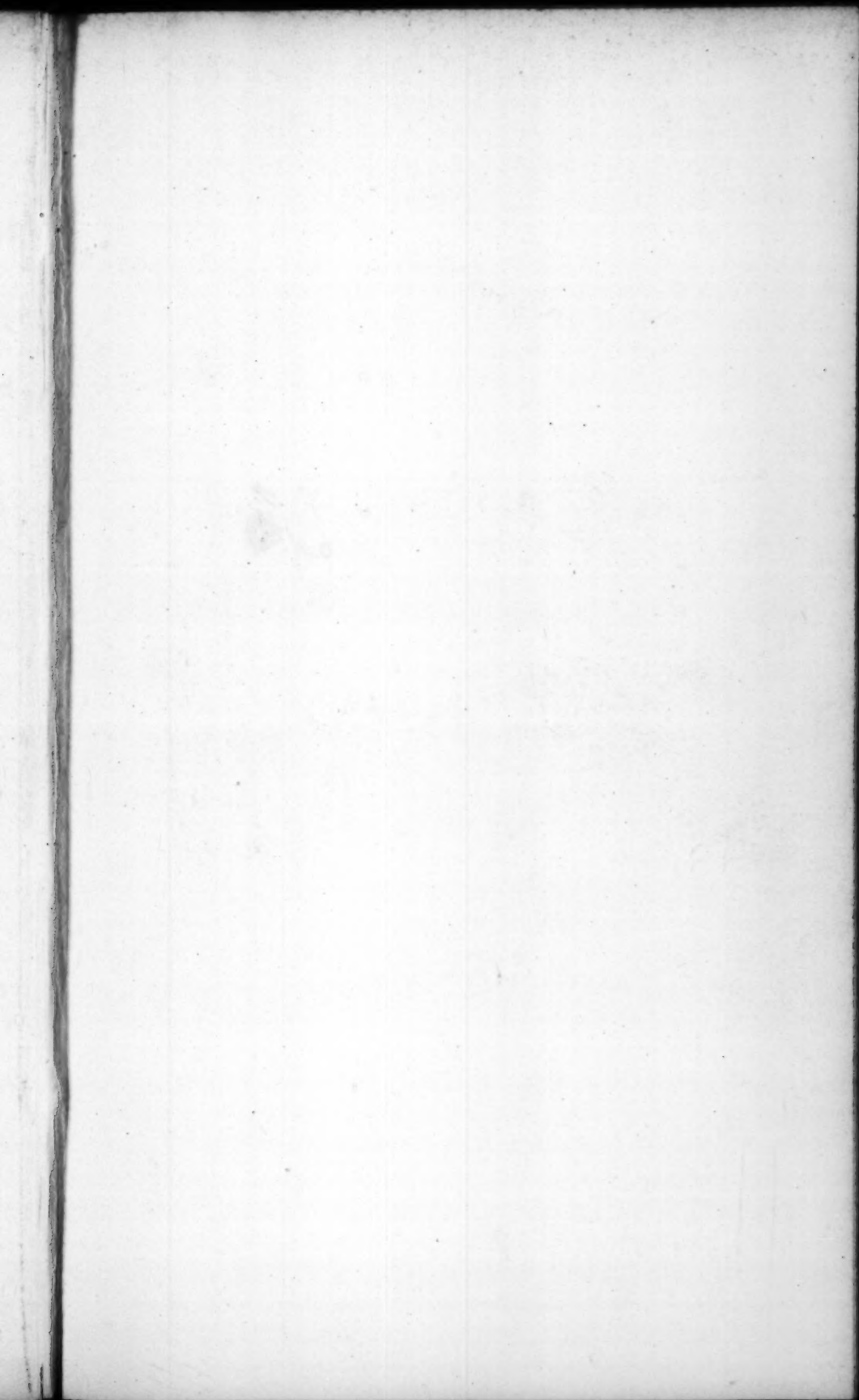


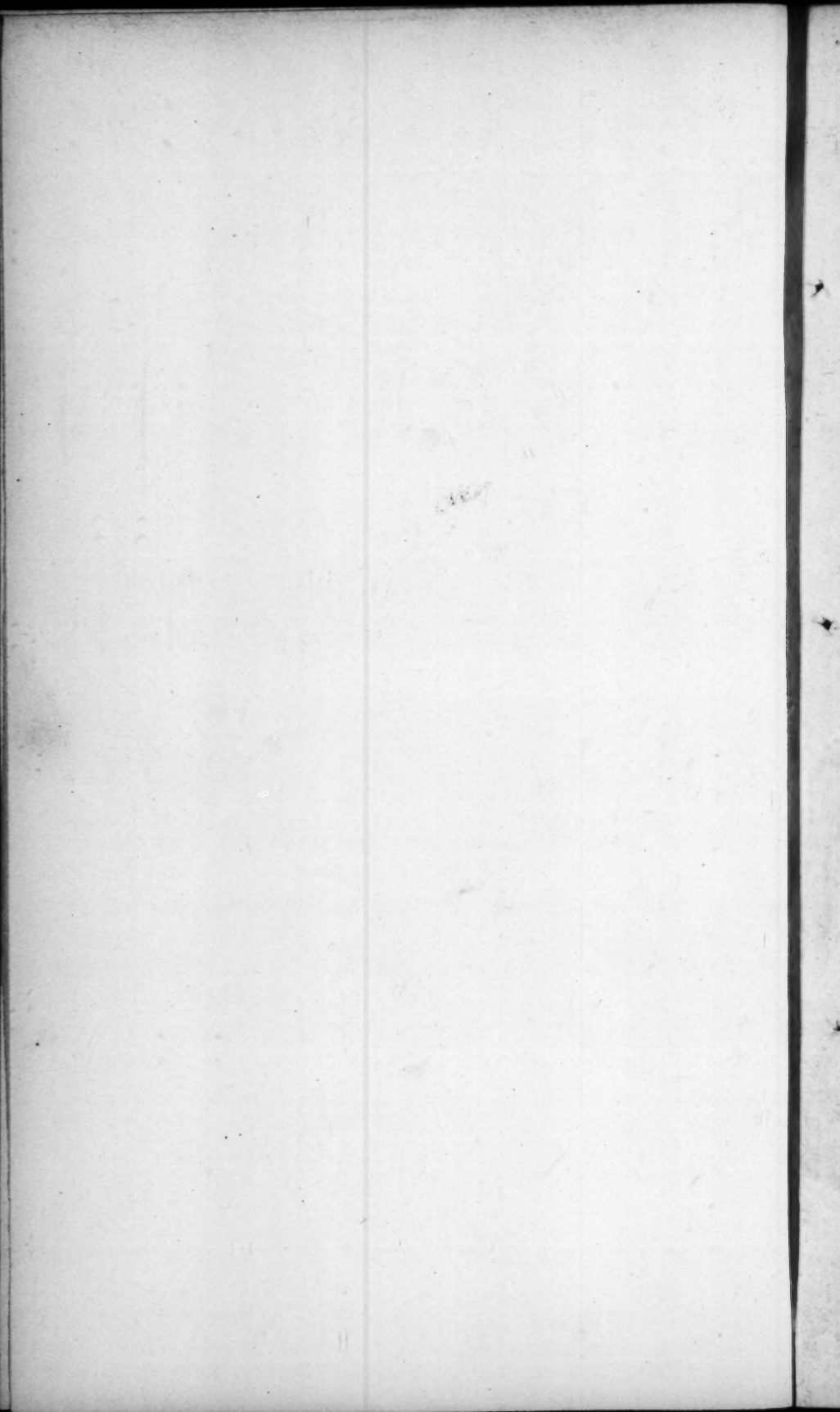


John Ashburner, M.D.

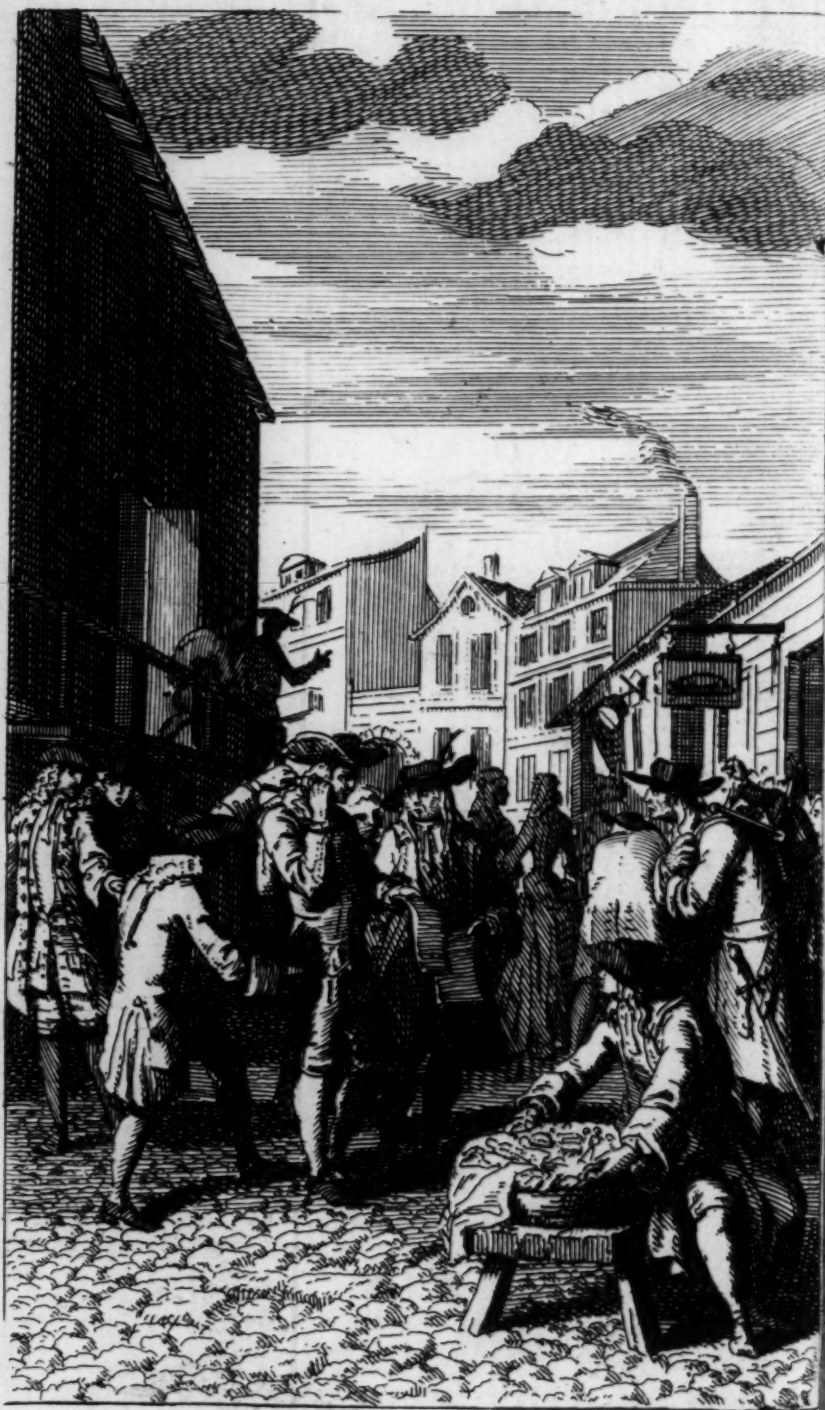


John Ashburner, M.D.









Bartholomew Fair. Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp.

11772. a. 12.
Bartholomew FAIR.

A ~~011773. a. 12.~~
COMEDY,

Acted in the YEAR 1614,

BY THE

Lady *Elizabeth's* Servants.

And then Dedicated to

King JAMES of most blessed Memory.

The Author BEN. JOHNSON.

*Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus : nam
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,
Ut sibi præbentem, mimo spectacula plura.
Scriptores autem narrare putaret asello
Fabellam furdo.*

Hor. lib. 2. Epist. 1.

L O N D O N :

Printed for D. Midwinter, J. and P. Knapton, H. Knap-
lock, A. Ward, A. Bettefworth and C. Hitch,
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C. Corbet and G. Conyers.

MDCC XXXIX.





THE
P R O L O G U E
TO THE
KING's MAJESTY.

YOur Majesty is welcome to a Fair ;
Such Place, such Men, such Language,
and such Ware,

You must expect : With these, the zealous noise
Of your Lands Faction, scandaliz'd at Toys,
As Babies, Hobby-horses, Puppet-plays,
And such like rage, whereof the petulant ways
Your self have known, and have been vext
with long.

These for your Sport, without particular wrong,
Or just complaint of any private Man,
(Who of himself, or shall think well or can)
The Maker doth present : And hopes, to Night
To give you for a Fairing, true Delight.



Dramatis Personæ.

- J**ohn Little-wit, *a Proctor.*
Win Littlewit, *his Wife.*
Dame Purecraft, *her Mother and a Widow.*
Zeal-of-the-Land Busy *her Suitor, a Banbury Man.*
Win-Wife, *his Rival, a Gentleman.*
Quarlous, *his Companion, a Gamester.*
Bartholomew Cokes, *an Esquire of Harrow.*
Humphrey Wasp, *his Man.*
Adam Overdo, *a Justice of Peace.*
Dame Overdo, *his Wife.*
Grace Welborn, *his Ward.*
Lant. Leatherhead, *a Hobby-Horse Seller.*
Joan Trash, *a Gingerbread Woman.*
Ezechiel Edgworth, *a Cutpurse.*
Nightingale, *a Ballad-Singer.*
Ursula, *a Pig Woman.*
Moon-calf, *her Tapster.*
Jordan Knock-hum, *a Horse-course and a Ranger o' Turn-bull.*
Val. Cutting, *a Roarer.*
Captain Whit, *a Bawd.*
Punque Alice, *Mistress o' the Game.*
Trouble-all, *a Mad-man.*

Three Watchmen, Custard-monger, Mousetrap-man, Clothier, Wrestler, Porters, Door-keepers, Puppets.





THE
INDUCTION
ON THE
STAGE.

STAGE-KEEPER.

Gentlemen, have a little patience, they are e'en upon coming, instantly. He that should begin the *Play*, Master *Little-wit*, the *Proctor*, has a *Stitch* new faln in his black Silk Stocking; 'twill be drawn up ere you can tell twenty. He plays one o' the *Arches* that dwells about the *Hospital*, and he has a very pretty part. But for the whole *Play*, will you ha' the Truth on't? (I am looking, lest the *Poet* hear me, or his Man, Master *Broom*, behind the *Arras*) it is like to be a very conceited scurvy one, in plain *English*. When't comes to the *Fair* once, you were e'en as good go to *Virginia*, for any thing there is of *Smithfield*. He has not hit the Humours, he does not know 'em; he has not convers'd with the *Bartholmew*-birds, as they say; he has ne'er a Sword and Buckler Man in

his *Fair*; nor a little *Davy*, to take Toll o' the Bawds there, as in my time; nor a Kind-heart, if any bodies Teeth should chance to ake in his *Play*; nor a Jugler with a well-educated Ape, to come over the Chain for the King of *England*, and back again for the *Prince*, and sit still on his Arse for the *Pope* and the King of *Spain*! None o' these fine Sights! Nor has he the Canvas-cut i'the Night, for a Hobby-horse-man to creep into his She-neighbour, and take his Leap there! Nothing! No: And some Writer (that I know) had but the Penning o' this matter, he would ha' made you such a *Fickajog* i' the Booths, you should ha' thought an Earthquake had been i' the *Fair*! But these Master-Poets, they will ha' their own absurd courses; they will be inform'd of nothing. He has (*sirreverence*) kick'd me three or four times about the Tying-house, I thank him, but for offering to put in with my Experience. I'll be judg'd by you, *Gentlemen*, now, but for one Conceit of mine! would not a fine Pump upon the Stage ha' done well, for a Property now? and a *Punque* set under upon her Head, with her Stern upward, and ha' been fous'd by my witty young Masters o' the *Inns o' Court*? What think you o' this for a shew, now? he will not hear o' this! I am an *Ass*! I! and yet I kept the Stage in Master *Tarleton's* time, I thank my Stars. Ho! and that Man had liv'd to have play'd in *Bartholomew Fair*, you should ha' seen him a' come in, and ha' been cozened i' the Cloath quarter, so finely! And *Adams*, the Rogue, ha' leap'd and caper'd upon him, and ha' dealt his Vermine about, as though they had cost him nothing. And then a substantial Watch to ha' stoln in upon 'em, and taken 'em away, with mistaking words, as the fashion is in the Stage-practice.

To him, Bookholder and Scrivener.

Book. How now? what rare Discourse are you fals upon? ha? ha? you found any familiars here, that you are so free? what's the business?

Stage.

The Induction.

9

Stage. Nothing, but the understanding Gentlemen o' the Ground here, ask'd my Judgment.

Book. Your Judgment, Rascal? for what? sweeping the Stage? or gathering up the broken Apples for the Bears within? Away Rogue, it's come to a fine degree in these *Spectacles*, when such a Youth as you pretend to a Judgment. And yet he may, i' the most o' this matter i' faith: For the *Author* hath writ it just to his *Meridian*, and the *Scale* of the grounded Judgments here, his Play-fellows in Wit. Gentlemen, not for want of a *Prologue*, but by way of a new one, I am sent out to you here, with a *Scrivener*, and certain Articles drawn out in haste between our *Author* and you; which if you please to hear, and as they appear reasonable, to approve of, the *Play* will follow presently. Read, *Scribe*, gi' me the Counterpain.

Scriv. Articles of Agreement, indented, between the *Spectators* or *Hearers*, at the *Hope* on the *Bankside*, in the County of *Surry*, on the one Party; And the *Author* of *Bartholomew Fair*, in the said Place and County, on the other Party: the one and thirtieth day of *October*, 1614, and in the twelfth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord, *James*, by the Grace of God, King of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith: And of *Scotland* the Seven and fortieth.

Imprimis, It is covenanted and agreed, by and between the Parties abovesaid, and the said *Spectators* and *Hearers*, as well the curious and envious, as the favouring and judicious, as also the grounded Judgments and Understandings, do for themselves severally covenant and agree to remain in the Places their Money or Friends have put them in, with patience, for the space of two Hours and an half, and somewhat more. In which time the *Author* promiseth to present them, by us, with a new sufficient Play, called *Bartholomew Fair*, merry, and as full of Noise, as Sport: made to delight all, and to offend none; provided they have either the Wit or the Honesty to think well of themselves.

It is further agreed, That every Person here have his or their free-will of Censure, to like or dislike at their own charge, the *Author* having now departed with his right: it shall be lawful for any Man to judge his Six-pen'worth, his Twelve-pen'worth, so to his eighteen Pence, two Shillings, half a Crown, to the value of his Place; provided always his Place get not above his Wit. And if he pay for half a dozen, he may censure for all them too, so that he will undertake that they shall be silent. He shall put in for *Censures* here, as they do for *Lots* at the *Lottery*: Marry, if he drop but Six-pence at the Door, and will Censure a Crowns-worth, it is thought there is no Conscience or Justice in that.

It is also agreed, That every Man here exercise his own Judgment, and not censure by *Contagion*, or upon *Trust*, from another's Voice, or Face, that sits by him, be he never so first in the *Commission of Wit*: As also, that he be fixt and settled in his Censure, that what he approves or not approves to day, he will do the same to morrow, and if to morrow, the next day, and so the next week (if need be:) and not to be brought about by any that sits on the *Bench* with him, though they indite and arraign *Plays* daily. He that will swear, *Jeronimo*, or *Andronicus* are the best *Plays*, yet shall pass unexcepted at here, as a Man whose Judgment shews it is constant, and hath stood still these five and twenty or thirty years. Though it be an Ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid Ignorance; and next to *Truth*, a confirm'd *Error* does well; such a one the *Author* knows where to find him.

It is further covenanted, concluded and agreed, That how great soever the Expectation be, no Person here is to expect more than he knows, or better Ware than a *Fair* will afford: neither to look back to the Sword and Buckler Age of *Smithfield*, but content himself with the present. Instead of a little *Davy*, to take Toll o' the Bawds, the *Author* doth promise a strutting *Horse-courser*, with a leer-Drunkard, two or three to attend him, in as good *Equipage* as you would wish.

And

And then for *Kind-heart*, the *Tooth-drawer*, a fine *Oily Pig-woman* with her *Tapster*, to bid you welcome, and a *Consort of Roarers* for *Musick*. A wise *Justice of Peace meditant*, instead of a *Jugler*, with an *Ape*. A civil *Cutpurse searchant*. A sweet *Singer* of new *Ballads allurant*: and as fresh an *Hypocrite*, as ever was broach'd, *rampant*. If there be never a *Servant-monster* i' the *Fair*, who can help it, he says, nor a *Nest of Antiques*? He is loth to make *Nature* afraid in his *Plays*, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*, to mix his *Head* with other *Mens Heels*; let the concupiscence of *Figs* and *Dances* reign as strong as it will amongst you: yet if the *Puppets* will please any body, they shall be intreated to come in.

In consideration of which, it is finally agreed, by the foresaid *Hearers* and *Spectators*, That they neither in themselves conceal, nor suffer by them to be concealed, any *State-decipherer*, or *Politick Picklock* of the *Scene*, so solemnly ridiculous, as to search out, who was meant by *Ginger-bread Woman*, who by the *Hobby-horse Man*, who by the *Costard-monger*, nay, who by their *Wares*. Or that will pretend to affirm (on his own inspired Ignorance) what *Mirror of Magistrates* is meant by the *Justice*, what *great Lady* by the *Pig-woman*, what *conceal'd Statesman* by the *Seller of Mouse-traps*, and so of the rest. But that such Person or Persons, so found, be left discovered to the mercy of the *Author*, as a *Forfeiture* to the *Stage*, and your *Laughter* aforesaid. As also, such as shall so desperately, or ambitiously, play the *Fool* by his *Place* aforesaid, to challenge the *Author* of *Scurrility*, because the *Language* somewhere favours of *Smithfield*, the *Booth*, and the *Pig-broth*, or of *Prophaneness*, because a *Mad-man* cries, *God quit you*, or *bless you*. In witness whereof, as you have preposterously put to your *Seals* already (which is your *Money*) you will now add the other part of *Suffrage*, your *Hands*. The *Play* shall presently begin. And though the *Fair* be not kept in the same *Region*, that some here, perhaps, would have it; yet think, that
therein

therein the *Author* hath observ'd a special *Decorum*, the Place being as dirty as *Smithfield*, and as stinking every whit.

Howsoever, he prays you to believe, his *Ware* is still the same, else you will make him justly suspect that he that is so loth to look on a *Baby*, or an *Hobby-horse* here, would be glad to take up a *Commodity* of them, at any Laughter or Loss in another place.



Bar-



Bartholomew FAIR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Little-Wit. [To him.] *Win.*

LITTLE-WIT.



Pretty Conceit, and worth the finding !
I ha' such luck to spin out these fine
things still, and like a Silk-worm, out
of my self. Here's Master *Bartholomew Cokes*, of *Harrow o' th' Hill*, i' th' County of *Middlesex*, Esquire, takes forth his Licence to marry *Mistris Grace Wellborn*, of the said Place and County : And when does he take it forth ? to day ! the Four and Twentieth of *August* ! *Bartholomew-Day* ! *Bartholomew* upon *Bartholomew* ! there's the Device ! Who would have mark'd such a Leap-frog Chance now ? A very less than *Ames-Ace*, on two Dice ! Well, go thy ways, *John Little-wit*, Proctor *John Little-wit* : One o' the pretty Wits o' *Pauls*, the *Little-wit* of *London* (so thou art called) and something beside. When a Quirk or a *Quiblin* do's scape thee, and thou dost not watch and apprehend it, and bring it afore the Constable of Conceit : (there now, I speak *Quib* too) let 'em carry thee out o' the Arch-deacon's Court into his Kitchen, and make a *Jack* of thee, instead of a *John*. (There I am again la !) *Win*, Good Morrow, *Win*. I marry, *Win*. Now you look finely indeed, *Win* ! this Cap does convince ! you'd not ha' worn it, *Win*, nor ha had

had it Velvet, but a rough Country Bever, with a Copper Band, like the Conney-skin woman of *Budge-Row*? Sweet *Win*, let me kiss it! And her fine high Shooes, like the *Spanish* Lady! Good *Win*, go a little, I would fain see thee pace, pretty *Win*! By this fine Cap, I could never leave kissing on't.

Win. Come indeed la, you are such a Fool still!

Litt. No, but half a one, *Win*, you are the t'other half: Man and Wife make one Fool, *Win*. (Good!) Is there the Proctor, or Doctor indeed, i' the *Dioceſs*, that ever had the Fortune to win him such a *Win*! (There I am again!) I do feel Conceits coming upon me, more than I am able to turn Tongue too. A Pox o' these Pretenders to Wit! your *Three Cranes*, *Mitre* and *Mermaid* men! Not a Corn of true Salt, not a Grain of right Mustard amongst them all. They may stand for Places, or so, again the next *Wit* fall, and pay Two-pence in a Quart more for their *Canary* than other Men. But gi' me the Man can start up a *Justice* of *Wit* out of fix Shillings Beer, and give the Law to all the *Poets* and *Poet-Suckers* i' Town, because they are the Players Gossips. 'Slid, other Men have Wives as fine as the Players, and as well drest. Come hither, *Win*.

SCENE II.

Win-wife, *Little-wit*, *Win*, and *John*.

Win-w. Why, how now, Master *Little-wit*! measuring of Lips? or molding of Kisses? which is it?

Litt. Troth, I am a little taken with my *Win*'s dressing here! Does't not fine, Master *Win-wife*? How do you apprehend, Sir? She would not ha' worn this Habit. I challenge all *Cheapside* to shew such another: *Morefields*, *Pimlico-path*, or the *Exchange*, in a Summer Evening, with a Lace to boot, as this has. Dear *Win*, let Master *Win-wife* kiss you. He comes a wooing to our Mother, *Win*, and may be our Father perhaps, *Win*. There's no Harm in him, *Win*.

Win-w. None i' the Earth, Master *Little-wit*;

Litt. I envy no Man my Delicates, Sir.

Win-w.

Win-w. Alas, you ha' the Garden where they grow still! A Wife here with a *Strawberry-Breath*, *Cherry-Lips*, *Apricot-Cheeks*, and a soft Velvet Head, like a *Melicotton*.

Litt. Good, i'faith! now Dulness upon me, that I had not that before him, that I should not light on't as well as he! Velvet Head!

Win-w. But my Taste, Master *Little-wit*, tends to Fruit of a latter kind: the sober Matron, your Wives Mother.

Litt. I! we know you are a Sutor, Sir; *Win*, and I both, wish you well: By this Licence here would you had her, that your two Names were as fast in it as here are a Couple. *Win* would fain have a fine young Father i' Law, with a Feather: that her Mother might hood it, and chain it, with Mistress *Over-doe*. But you do not take the right course, Master *Win-wife*.

Win-w. No? Master *Little-wit*, why?

Litt. You are not mad enough.

Win-w. How? Is Madnes a right course?

Litt. I say nothing, but I wink upon *Win*. You have a Friend, (one Master *Quarlous*) comes here sometimes.

Win-w. Why, he makes no Love to her, does he?

Litt. Not a Tokenworth that ever I saw, I assure you: But——

Win-w. What?

Litt. He is the more Mad-cap o' the two. You do not apprehend me.

Win. You have a hot Coal i' your Mouth now, you cannot hold.

Litt. Let me out with it, dear *Win*.

Win. I'll tell him my self.

Litt. Do, and take all the Thanks, and much do good thy pretty Heart, *Win*.

Win. Sir, my Mother has had her Nativity-water cast lately by the Cunning-Men in *Cow-lane*, and they ha' told her Fortune, and do ensure her, she shall never have happy Hour, unless she marry within this
Se'n-

Se'nnight; and when it is, it must be a Madman, they ay.

Litt. I, but I must be a Gentleman Madman.

Win. Yes, so the t'other Man of *Morefields* says.

Win-w. But does she believe 'em?

Lit. Yes, and has been at *Bedlam* twice since every Day, to enquire if any Gentleman be there, or to come there, mad!

Win-w. Why, this is a Confederacy, a meer Piece of Practice upon her by these *Imposers*.

Litt. I tell her so; or else, say I, that they mean some young Madcap-Gentleman (for the Devil can equivocate as well as a Shop-keeper) and therefore would I advise you to be a little madder than Master *Quar-lous* hereafter.

Win. Where is she? stirring yet?

Litt. Stirring! Yes, and studying an old Elder come from *Banbury*, a Suitor that puts in here at Meal-tide, to praise the painful Brethren, or pray that the sweet Singers may be restor'd; says a Grace as long as his Breath lasts him! Some time the Spirit is so strong with him, it gets quite out of him, and then my Mother, or *Win*, are fain to fetch it again with *Malmsey*, or *Aqua Cœlestis*.

Win. Yes, indeed, we have such a tedious Life with him for his Dyet, and his Clothes too, he breaks his Buttons, and cracks Seams, at every Saying he sobs out.

Job. He cannot abide my Vocation, he says.

Win. No, he told my Mother, a *Proctor* was a Claw of the *Beast*, and that she had little less than committed *Abomination* in marrying me so as she had done.

Job. Every Line (he says) that a *Proctor* writes, when it comes to be read in the Bishop's Court, is a long black Hair, kemb'd out of the Tail of *Anti-Christ*.

Win-w. When came this *Profelyte*?

Job. Some three days since.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Quarlous, John, Win, Win-wife.

Quar. O Sir, ha' you ta'en Soil here? It's well a Man may reach you after three Hours running yet! What an unmerciful Companion art thou, to quit thy Lodging at such ungentlemanly Hours? None but a scatter'd Covey of Fidlers, or one of these Rag-rakers in Dunghills, or some Marrow-bone Man at most, would have been up when thou wert gone abroad, by all Description. I pray thee what ailest thou, thou can'st not sleep? Hast thou Thorns i' thy Eye-lids, or Thistles i' thy Bed?

Win-w. I cannot tell: It seems you had neither i' your Feet, that take this pain to find me.

Quar. No, and I had, all the Lime-hounds o' the City should have drawn after you by the Scent rather. Mr. *John Little-wit*! God save you, Sir. 'Twas a hot Night with some of us, last Night, *John*: shall we pluck a Hair o' the same Wolf to day, Proctor *John*?

Job. Do you remember, Master *Quarlous*, what we discours'd on last Night?

Quar. Not I, *John*; nothing that I either discourse or do, at those times I forfeit all to Forgetfulness.

Job. No, not concerning *Win*? Look you, there she is, and drest, as I told you she should be: Hark you, Sir, had you forgot?

Quar. By this Head, I'll beware how I keep you Company, *John*, when I am drunk, and you have this dangerous Memory! that's certain.

Job. Why Sir?

Quar. Why? we were all a little stain'd last Night, sprinkled with a Cup or two, and I agreed with Proctor *John* here, to come and do somewhat with *Win* (I know not what 'twas) to day; and he puts me in mind on't now; he says, he was coming to fetch me: Before *Truth*, if you have that fearful Quality, *John*, to remember when you are sober, *John*, what you promise

promise drunk, *John*; I shall take heed of you, *John*.
For this once I am content to wink at you; where's
your Wife? Come hither, *Win*. [*He kisseth her.*]

Win. Why, *John*! do you see this, *John*? look
you! help me, *John*.

Job. O *Win*, fie, what do you mean, *Win*? Be
womanly, *Win*; make an Out-cry to your Mother,
Win? Master *Quarlous* is an honest Gentleman, and
our worshipful good Friend, *Win*: And he is Master
Win-wife's Friend too: And Master *Win*-wife comes
a Suitor to your Mother, *Win*; as I told you before,
Win, and may perhaps be our Father, *Win*: They'll
do you no Harm, *Win*; they are both our worshipful
good Friends. Master *Quarlous*! you must know
Master *Quarlous*, *Win*; you must not quarrel with
Master *Quarlous*, *Win*.

Quar. No, we'll kiss again, and fall in.

Job. Yes, do, good *Win*.

Win. I' faith you are a Fool, *John*.

Job. A Fool, *John*, she calls me; do you mark
that, Gentlemen? Pretty Little-wit of Velvet! a Fool-
John.

Quar. She may call you an Apple-*John*, if you use
this.

Win-w. Pray thee forbear, for my Respect, some-
what.

Quar. Hoy-day? how respective you are become
o' the sudden! I fear this Family will turn you re-
formed too; pray you come about again. Because
she is in possibility to be your Daughter-in-Law, and
may ask you Blessing hereafter, when she courts it to
Totnam to eat Cream. Well, I will forbear, Sir; but
i' faith, would thou wouldst leave thy Exercise of Wi-
dow-hunting once! this drawing after an old Reverend
Smock by the Splay-foot: There cannot be an ancient
Tripe or *Trillibub* i' the Town, but thou art straight
nosing it, and 'tis a fine Occupation thou'lt confine thy
self to, when thou hast got one; scrubbing a Piece of
Buff, as if thou hadst the Perpetuity of *Pannyer-Alley*
to stink in; or perhaps worse, currying a Carkass that
thou

thou hast bound thy self to alive: Ill be sworn, some of them (that thou art, or hast been a Suitor to) are so old, as no chaste or married Pleasure can ever become 'em; the honest Instrument of Procreation has (forty Years since) left to belong to 'em; thou must visit 'em as thou wouldest do a *Tomb*, with a Torch, or three handfuls of Link, flaming hot, and so thou may'st hap to make 'em feel thee, and after come to inherit according to thy Inches. A sweet course for a Man to waste the Brand of Life for, to be still raking himself a Fortune in an old Woman's Embers; we shall ha' thee, after thou hast been but a Month married to one of 'em, look like the *Quartane Ague* and the *Black Jaundise* met in a Face, and walk as if thou hadst borrow'd Legs of a *Spinner*, or Voice of a *Cricket*. I would endure to hear fifteen Sermons a Week for her, and such course and loud ones, as some of 'em must be; I would e'en desire of Fate, I might dwell in a Drum, and take in my Sustenance with an old broken Tobacco-pipe and a Straw. Dost thou ever think to bring thine Ears or Stomach to the Patience of a dry *Grace*, as long as thy Table-cloth? and droan'd out by thy Son here (that might be thy Father) till all the Meat o' thy Board has forgot it was that Day i' the Kitchen? Or to brook the Noise made in a Question of *Predestination*, by the good Labourers and painful Eaters assembled together, put to 'em by the Matron your Spouse; who moderates with a Cup of Wine, ever and anon, and a Sentence out of *Knox* between? Or the perpetual spitting before and after a sober drawn *Exhortation* of six Hours, whose better Part was *Hum-ha-hum*? Or to hear Pray'rs groan'd out over thy Iron Chests, as if they were *Charms* to break 'em? And all this for the hope of two *Apostle* Spoons, to suffer! and a Cup to eat a Cawdle in! For that will be thy Legacy. She'll ha' convey'd her State safe enough from thee, an' she be a right Widow.

Win-w. Alas, I am quite off that Scent now.

Quar. How so?

Win-w. Put off by a Brother of Banbury, one that, they

they say, is come here, and governs all already.

Quar. What do you call him? I knew divers of those *Banburians* when I was in *Oxford*.

Win-w. Master *Little-wit* can tell us.

Job. Sir! good *Win* go in, and if Master *Bartholomew Cokes* his Man come for the Licence (the little old Fellow) let him speak with me; what say you, Gentlemen?

Win-w. What call you the Reverend *Elder* you told me of? your *Banbury* man?

Job. *Rabbi Busy*, Sir; he is more than an *Elder*, he is a *Prophet*, Sir.

Quar. O, I know him! a Baker, is he not?

Job. He was a Baker, Sir, but he does dream now, and see Visions; he has given over his Trade.

Quar. I remember that too; out of a Scruple he took, that (in spic'd Conscience) those Cakes he made, were serv'd to *Bridales*, *May Poles*, *Morrisses*, and such profane Feasts and Meetings; his Christen-Name is *Zeal-of-the-Land*.

Job. Yes, Sir, *Zeal-of-the-Land Busy*.

Win-w. How! what a Name's there!

Job. O they have all such Names, Sir; he was Witnesses for *Win* here, (they will not be call'd Godfathers) and nam'd her *Win-the-fight*; you thought her Name had been *Winnifred*, did you not?

Win-w. I did indeed.

Job. He would ha' thought himself a stark Reprobate, if it had.

Quar. I, for there was a Blue-starch Woman o' the Name, at the same time. A notable hypocritical Vermin it is; I know him. One that stands upon his Face, more than his Faith, at all times: Ever in seditious Motion, and reproving for Vain glory; of a most *Lunatick* Conscience and Spleen, and affects the Violence of *Singularity* in all he do's: (He has undone a Grocer here, in *Newgate-Market*, that broke with him, trusted him with Currans, as errant a Zeal as he, that's by the way:) By his Profession, he will ever be i' the State of Innocence though, and Childhood; derides all *Antiquity*,
desies

desies any other *Learning* than *Inspiration*; and what Discretion soever Years should afford him, it is all prevented in his *Original Ignorance*; ha' not to do with him, for he is a Fellow of a most arrogant and invincible Dulness, I assure you. Who is this?

SCENE IV.

Wasp, John, Win-wife, Quarlous.

Wasp. By your leave, Gentlemen, with all my heart to you; and God give you good Morrow. Master *Little-wit*, my business is to you. Is this Licence ready?

Job. Here I ha' it for you in my Hand, Master *Humphrey*.

Wasp. That's well; nay, never open or read it to me, it's labour in vain, you know. I am no Clerk, I scorn to be fav'd by my Book, i' faith I'll hang first; fold it up o' your word, and gi' it me; what must you ha' for't?

Job. We'll talk of that anon, Master *Humphrey*.

Wasp. Now or not at all, good Master *Proctor*, I am for no anon's, I assure you.

Job. Sweet *Win*, bid *Solomon* send me the little black Box within in my Study.

Wasp. I, quickly, good Mistress, I pray you; for I have both Eggs o' the Spit, and Iron i' the Fire, say what you must have, good Mr. *Little-wit*.

Job. Why, you know the price, Mr. *Numps*.

Wasp. I know? I know nothing. I, what tell you me of knowing? (now I am in haste) Sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorn to know, and yet (now I think on't) I will, and do know as well as another; you must have a *Mark* for your thing here, and *Eight Pence* for the Box; I could ha' fav'd *Two Pence* i' that, an I had bought it my self; but here's *Fourteen Shillings* for you. Good Lord! how long your little Wife stays! pray God *Solomon*, your Clerk, be not looking i' the wrong Box, Mr. *Proctor*.

Job. Good i' faith! no, I warrant you, *Solomon* is wiser than so, Sir.

Wasp.

Wasp. Fie, fie, fie, by your leave, Master *Little-wit*, that is scurvy, idle, foolish and abominable, with all my heart; I do not like it.

Win-w. Do you hear? *Jack Little-wit*, what business does thy pretty Head think this Fellow may have, that he keeps such a coyl with?

Quar. More than buying of Ginger-bread i' the Cloyster here, (for that we allow him) or a gilt pouch i' the Fair.

Job. Master *Quarlous*, do not mistake him; he is his Master's Both-hands, I assure you.

Quar. What? to pull on his Boots a Mornings, or his Stockings, does he?

Job. Sir, if you have 'a mind to mock him, mock him softly, and look t'other way: for if he apprehend you flout him once, he will flie at you presently. A terrible testy old Fellow, and his Name is *Wasp* too.

Quar. Pretty *Insect*! make much on him.

Wasp. A Plague o' this Box, and the Pox too, and on him that made it, and on her that went for't, and all that should ha' fought it, sent it, or brought it! do you see, Sir!

Job. Nay, good Mr. *Wasp*.

Wasp. Good Master *Hornet*, turd i' your teeth, hold you your Tongue: do not I know you? Your Father was a *Pothecary*, and sold Glisters, more than he gave, I wusse: and turd i' your little Wife's Teeth too (here she comes) 'twill make her spit, as fine as she is, for all her Velvet Custard on her Head, Sir.

Job. O! be civil, Master *Numps*.

Wasp. Why, say I have a Humour not to be civil; how then? who shall compel me? you?

Job. Here is the Box now.

Wasp. Why a Pox o' your Box, once again: let your little Wife stale in it, and she will. Sir, I would have you to understand, and these Gentlemen too, if they please—

Win-w. With all our Hearts, Sir.

Wasp. That I have a charge, Gentlemen.

Job. They do apprehend, Sir.

Wasp.

Wasp. Pardon me, Sir, neither they nor you can apprehend me yet. (You are an Ass) I have a young Master, he is now upon his making and marring; the whole care of his well-doing is now mine. His foolish School-masters have done nothing, but run up and down the Country with him to beg Puddings, and Cake-bread of his Tenants, and almost spoiled him; he has learn'd nothing but to sing *Catches*, and repeat *Rattle Bladder*, *rattle*, and *O Madge!* I dare not let him walk alone, for fear of learning of vile tunes, which he will sing at Supper, and in the Sermon-times! If he meet but a Carman i' the Street, and I find him not Talk to keep him off on him, he will whistle him and all his Tunes over at Night in his Sleep! he has [a] Head full of Bees! I am fain now, for this little time I am absent, to leave him in charge with a Gentlewoman: 'Tis true, she is a Justice of Peace his Wife, and a Gentlewoman o' the Hood, and his Natural Sister; But what may happen under a Woman's Government, there's the doubt. Gentlemen, you do not know him; he is another manner of Piece than you think for! but Nineteen Years old, and yet he is taller than either of you by the Head, God bless him.

Quar. Well, methinks this is a fine Fellow!

Win-w. He has made his Master a finer by this Description, I should think.

Quar. 'Faith, much about one, it's Cross and Pile, whether for a new Farthing.

Wasp. I'll tell you, Gentlemen——

Job. Will't please you drink, Master *Wasse*.

Wasp. Why, I ha' not talk't so long to be dry, Sir; you see no Dust or Cobwebs come out o' my Mouth: do you? You'd ha' me gone, would you?

Job. No, but you were in haste e'en now, Mr. Numps.

Wasp. What an' I were? so I am still, and yet I will stay too; meddle you with your Match, your *Win* there, she has as little Wit as her Husband, it seems: I have others to talk to.

Job. She's my Match indeed, and as little Wit as I, Good!

Wasp.

Wasp. We ha' been but a day and a half in Town, Gentlemen, 'tis true; and yesterday i' the Afternoon we walk'd *London*, to shew the City to the Gentlewoman he shall marry, *Mistress Grace*; but afore I will endure such another half day with him, I'll be drawn with a good Gib-cat, through the great Pond at home, as his Uncle *Hodge* was! Why, we could not meet that *Heathen* thing all day, but staid him: he would name you all the Signs over, as he went, aloud: and where he spy'd a *Parrat*, or a *Monkey*, there he was pitch'd, with all the little Long-Coats about him, Male and Female; no getting him away! I thought he would ha' run mad o' the black Boy in *Bucklers bury*, that takes the scurvy, roguish *Tobacco* there.

Job. You say true, Master *Numps*: there's such a one indeed.

Wasp. It's no matter whether there be or no, what's that to you?

Quar. He will not allow of *John's* reading at any hand.

SCENE V.

Cokes, *Mistress Over-do*, *Wasp*, *Grace*, *Quarulous*, *Winwife*, *John*, *Win*.

Cokes. O *Numps*! are you here *Numps*? look where I am, *Numps*! and *Mistress Grace* too! nay, do not look angerly, *Numps*: my Sister is here and all; I do not come without her.

Wasp. What the mischief do you come with her? or she with you?

Cok. We come all to seek you, *Numps*.

Wasp. To seek me? why, did you all think I was lost, or run away with your Fourteen Shillings worth of small Ware? or that I had chang'd it i' the Fair for Hobby-horses? S' precious — to seek me!

Over. Nay, good Mr. *Numps* do you shew Discretion, tho' he be exorbitant (as Mr. *Over-do* says) and't be but for conservation of the Peace.

Wasp. Marry gip, Goody She-Justice, *Mistress Frenchhood*! turd i' your Teeth, and Turd i' your *Frenchhood's* Teeth

Teeth too, or do you service, do you see? Must you quote your *Adam* to me! you think you are *Madam Regent* still, *Mistress Over-do*; when I am in place? No such matter, I assure you, your *Reign* is out, when I am in, *Dame*.

Over. I am content to be in *abeyance*, Sir, and be govern'd by you; so should he too, if he did well; but 'twill be expected you should also govern your *Passions*.

Wasp. Will't so, forsooth? good Lord! how sharp you are, with being at *Beth'lem* yesterday! *Whetstone* has set an Edge upon you, has he?

Over. Nay, if you know not what belongs to your Dignity, I do yet to mine.

Wasp. Very well then.

Cok. Is this the *Licence*, *Numps*? for Love's sake let me see't; I never saw a *Licence*.

Wasp. Did you not so? why, you shall not see't then.

Cok. An' you love me, good *Numps*.

Wasp. Sir, I love you, and yet I do not love you i' these *Fooleries*; set your heart at rest, there's nothing in't but hard words; and what would you see't for?

Cok. I would see the length and the breadth on't, that's all; and I will see't now, so I will.

Wasp. You sha' not see it here.

Cok. Then I'll see't at home, and I'll look upon the Case here.

Wasp. Why, do so; a Man must give way to him a little in trifles: Gentlemen. These are *Errors*, *Diseases* of Youth; which he will mend when he comes to Judgment and knowledge of matters. I pray you conceive so, and I thank you. And I pray you pardon him, and I thank you again.

Quar. Well, this *Dry-Nurse*, I say still, is a delicate Man.

Win-w. And I am, for the *Coffet*, his Charge! Did you ever see a Fellow's Face more accuse him for an *Ass*?

Quar. Accuse him? it confesses him one without accusing. What pity 'tis yonder *Wench* should marry such a *Cokes*?

Win-w. 'Tis true.

Quar. She seems to be discreet, and as sober as she is handsome.

Win-w. I, and if you mark her, what a restrain'd scorn she casts upon all his Behaviour and Speeches?

Cok. Well, *Numps*, I am now for another piece of business more, the *Fair*, *Numps*, and then——

Wasp. Bless me! deliver me, help, hold me! the *Fair*.

Cok. Nay, never fidge up and down, *Numps*, and vex it self. I am resolute *Bartholomew* in this; I'll make no suit on't to you; 'twas all the End of my Journey indeed, to shew Mrs. *Grace* my *Fair*. I call't my *Fair*, because of *Bartholomew*; you know my Name is *Bartholomew*, and *Bartholomew-Fair*.

Job. That was mine afore, Gentlemen; this Morning. I had that i' faith upon his Licence, believe me, there he comes after me.

Quar. Come, *John*, this ambitious Wit of yours (I am afraid) will do you no good i' the end.

Job. No? why Sir?

Quar. You grow so insolent with it, and overdoing, *John*; that if you look not to it, and tie it up, it will bring you to some obscure place in time, and there 'twill leave you.

Win-w. Do not trust it too much, *John*, be more sparing, and use it but now and then; a Wit is a dangerous thing in this Age; do not over-buy it.

Job. Think you so, Gentlemen? I'll take heed on't hereafter.

Win. Yes, do *John*.

Cok. A pretty little Soul, this same Mrs. *Little-wit*, would I might marry her.

Gra. So would I, or any body else, so I might scape you.

Cok. *Numps*, I will see it, *Numps*, 'tis decreed; never be melancholy for the matter.

Wasp. Why, see it, Sir, see it, do, see it! who hinders you? why do you not go see it? 'Slid see it.

Cok. The *Fair*, *Numps*, the *Fair*.

Wasp. Would the *Fair*, and all the Drums and Rattles

ties in't, were i' your Belly for me: they are already i' your Brain: He that had the means to travel your Head now, should meet finer Sight's than any are i' the Fair, and make a finer Voyage on't; to see it all hung with Cockel-shells, Pebbles. fine Wheat-straws, and here and there a Chicken's Feather, and a Cob-web.

Quar. Good faith, he looks, methinks, an' you mark him, like one that were made to catch Flies, with his Sir Cranion Legs.

Win-w. And his Numps, to flap 'em away.

Wasp. God be wi' you, Sir, there's your Bee in a Box, and much good do't you.

Cok. Why, your Friend, and Bartholomew; an' you be so contumacious.

Quar. What mean you, Numps?

Wasp. I'll not be guilty, I, Gentlemen.

Over. You will not let him go, Brother, and lose him?

Cok. Who can hold that will away? I had rather lose him than the Fair, I wusse.

Wasp. You do not know the Inconvenience, Gentlemen, you perswade to, nor what Trouble I have with him in these Humours. If he go to the Fair, he will buy of every thing to a Baby there; and Household-stuff for that too: If a Leg or an Arm on him did not grow on, he would lose it i' the Press. Pray Heav'n I bring him off with one Stone! And then he is such a Ravener after Fruit! you will not believe what a coil I had t' other day, to compound a business between a Katern-pear Woman, and him, about snatching! 'Tis intolerable, Gentlemen.

Win-w. O! but you must not leave him now to these Hazards, Numps.

Wasp. Nay, he knows too well I will not leave him, and that makes him presume: Well, Sir, will you go now? If you have such an itch i' your Feet, to foot it to the Fair, why do you stop, am I your Tarriars? go, will you go? Sir, why do you not go?

Cok. O Numps! have I brought you about? come Mistress Grace, and Sister, I am resolute Bat, i' faith, still.

Gra. Truly, I have no such fancy to the *Fair*; nor ambition to see it; there's none goes thither of any quality or fashion.

Cok. O Lord, Sir! you shall pardon me, Mistress *Grace*, we are enow of our selves to make it a fashion; and for qualities, let *Numps* alone, he'll find qualities.

Quar. What a Rogue in apprehension is this! to understand her Language no better.

Win-w. I, and offer to marry her. Well, I will leave the chase of my Widow for to day, and directly to the *Fair*. These Flies cannot, this hot Season, but engender us excellent creeping Sport.

Quar. A Man that has but a Spoon-full of Brain would think so. Farewel, *John*.

Job. *Win*, you see 'tis in fashion to go to the *Fair*, *Win*: we must to the *Fair* too, you and I, *Win*, I have an affair i' the *Fair*, *Win*, a Puppet play of mine own making: say nothing, that I writ for the *Motion* Man, which you must see, *Win*.

Win. I would I might, *John*; but my Mother will never consent to such a *prophane motion*; she will call it.

Job. Tut, we'll have a Device, a dainty one: (Now *Wit*, help at a pinch, good *Wit* come, come good *Wit*, and't be thy Will.) I have it, *Win*, I have it i' faith, and 'tis a fine one, *Win*. Long to eat of a Pig, sweet *Win*, i' the *Fair*; do you see, i' the heart o' the *Fair*; not at *Pye corner*. Your Mother will do any thing, *Win*, to fatisfie your longing, you know; pray thee long presently, and be sick o' the sudden, good *Win*. I'll go in and tell her; cut thy Lace i' the mean time, and play the *Hypocrite*, sweet *Win*.

Win. No, I'll not make me unready for it. I can be *Hypocrite* enough, though I were never so straight lac'd.

Job. You say true, you have been bred i' the Family, and brought up to't. Our Mother is a most elect *Hypocrite*, and has maintain'd us all this seven year with it, like Gentlefolks.

Win. I, let her alone, *John*, she is not a wise wilful Widow for nothing; nor a sanctified Sister for a Song.
And

And let me alone too, I ha' somewhat o' the Mother in me, you shall see ; fetch her, fetch her ; ah, ah.

SCENE VI.

Purecraft, Win, John, Busy, Solomon.

Purec. Now, the blaze of the beauteous Discipline, fright away this Evil from our House ! How now, *Win-the fight*, Child ; how do you ? Sweet Child, speak to me.

Win. Yes, forsooth.

Purec. Look up, sweet *Win-the fight*, and suffer not the Enemy to enter you at this Door, remember that your Education has been with the purest ; what polluted one was it, that nam'd first the unclean Beast, Pig, to you, Child ?

Win. Uh, uh.

Job. Not I, o' my sincerity, Mother ; she long'd above three Hours e'er she would let me know it ; who was it, *Win* ?

Win. A prophane black thing with a Beard, *John*.

Purec. O ! resist it, *Win-the fight*, it is the Tempter, the wicked Tempter, you may know it by the fleshly motion of Pig ; be strong against it, and its foul Temptations, in these Assaults, whereby it broacheth Flesh and Blood, as it were on the weaker side, and pray against its carnal provocations ; good Child, sweet Child, pray.

Job. Good Mother, I pray you, that she may eat some Pig, and her Belly full too ; and do not you cast away your own Child, and perhaps one of mine, with your tale of the Tempter ; How do you, *Win* ? Are you not sick ?

Win. Yes, a great deal, *John*, (uh, uh.)

Purec. What shall we do ? Call our zealous Brother *Busy* hither, for his faithful fortification in this charge of the Adversary ; Child, my dear Child, you shall eat Pig ; be comforted, my sweet Child.

Win. I, but i' the *Fair*, Mother.

Purec. I mean i' the *Fair*, if it can be any way made or found lawful. Where is our Brother *Busy* ? will he not come ? Look up, Child.

Job. Presently, Mother, as soon as he has clean'd his Beard. I found him fast by the Teeth, i' the cold Turkey-pie i' the Cup-board, with a great white Loaf on his left Hand, and a Glas of *Malmsey* on the right.

Purec. Slander not the *Brethren*, wicked one.

Job. Here he is now, purified Mother.

Purec. O Brother *Busy*! your help here, to edifie and raise us up in a Scruple; my Daughter *Win-the-fight* is visited with a natural Disease of *Women*; call'd *A longing to eat Pig*.

Job. I Sir, a *Bartholomew Pig*; and in the *Fair*.

Purec. And I would be satisfied from you, Religiously-wise, whether a Widow of the sanctified Assembly, or a Widow's Daughter, may commit the Act without offence to the weaker Sisters.

Bus. Verily, for the Disease of Longing, it is a Disease, a carnal Disease, or Appetite, incident to Women: and as it is carnal, and incident, it is natural, very natural: Now *Pig*, it is a Meat, and a Meat that is nourishing and may be long'd for, and so consequently eaten; it may be eaten; very exceeding well eaten: But in the *Fair*, and as a *Bartholomew Pig*, it cannot be eaten; for the very calling it a *Bartholomew Pig*, and to eat it so, is a spice of *Idolatry*, and you make the *Fair* no better than one of the *High-places*. This, I take it, is the state of the Question: A *High-place*.

Job. I, but in state of Necessity, *Place* should give place, Mr. *Busy*. (I have a Conceit left yet.)

Purec. Good Brother, *Zeal-of-the-land*, think to make it as lawful as you can.

Job. Yes Sir, and as soon as you can; for it must be, Sir; you see the danger my little Wife is in, Sir.

Purec. Truly, I do love my Child dearly, and I would not have her miscarry, or hazard her First-fruits, if it might be otherwise.

Bus. Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subject to construction, subject, and hath a face of Offence with the weak, a great face, a foul face; but that face may have a Veil put over it, and be shadowed as it were; it may be eaten, and in the *Fair*, I take it, in a Booth,

Booth, the Tents of the wicked : The Place is not much, not very much, we may be Religious in midst of the Prophane, so it be eaten with a reformed Mouth, with *Sobriety*, and *Humbleness* ; not gorg'd in with *Gluttony* or *Greediness*, there's the fear : For, should she go there, as taking *Pride* in the place, or *Delight* in the unclean dressing, to feed the vanity of the Eye, or lust of the *Palate*, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

Job. Nay, I knew that afore, and told her on't ; but courage, *Win*, we'll be humble enough, we'll seek out the homeliest Booth i' the *Fair*, that's certain ; rather than fail, we'll eat it o' the Ground.

Purec. I, and I'll go with you my self, *Win-ibefight*, and my Brother *Zeal-of-the-land* shall go with us too, for our better Consolation.

Win. Uh, uh.

Job. I, and *Solomon* too, *Win*, (the more the merrier.) *Win*, we'll leave *Rabby Basy* in a Booth. *Solomon*, my Cloke.

Sol. Here, Sir.

Bus. In the way of Comfort to the Weak, I will go and eat. I will eat exceedingly, and prophesie ; there may be a good use made of it too, now I think on't : By the publick eating of Swine's Fish, to profess our hate and loathing of *Judaism*, whereof the Brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eat, yea I will eat exceedingly.

Job. Good i'faith, I will eat heartily too, because I will be no *Jeru*, I could never away with that stiff-necked Generation : And truly, I hope my little one will be like me, that cries for Pig so i' the Mother's Belly.

Bus. Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding likely.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Justice Overdo.

WELL, in Justice name, and the King's, and for the Commonwealth ! desie all the World

B 4

Adam

Adam Overdo, for a Disguise, and all *Story*; for thou hast fitted thy self, I swear. Fain would I meet the *Linceus* now, that Eagle's Eye, that piercing *Epidaurian* Serpent (as my *Quint. Horace* calls him) that could discover a Justice of Peace (and lately of the *Quorum*) under this Covering. They may have seen many a Fool in the habit of a Justice; but never 'till now, a Justice in the habit of a Fool. Thus must we do though, that wake for the publick good; and thus hath the wise Magistrate done in all Ages. There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the way be found. Never shall I enough commend a worthy worshipful Man, sometime a capital Member of this City, for his high Wisdom in this point, who would take you now the Habit of a Porter, now of a Carman, now of the Dog killer, in this month of *August*; and in the Winter, of a Seller of Tinder-boxes; and what would he do in all these Shapes? marry, go you into every Ale-house, and down into every Cellar; measure the length of Puddings, take the gage of black Pots and Cans, I, and Custards, with a Stick; and their circumference with a Thread; weigh the Loaves of Bread on his middle Finger; then would he send for 'em home; give the Puddings to the Poor, the Bread to the Hungry, the Custards to his Children; break the Pots, and burn the Cans himself; he would not trust his Corrupt Officers, he would do't himself. Would all Men in Authority would follow this worthy President. For (alas) as we are publick Persons, what do we know? nay, what can we know? we hear with other Mens Ears, we see with other Mens Eyes. A foolish Constable, or a sleepy Watchman, is all our Information; he slanders a Gentleman, by the Vertue of his Place, (as he calls it) and we, by the vice of ours, must believe him. As awhile agoe, they made me, yea me, to mistake an honest zealous Pursivant, for a *Seminary*; and a proper young Batchelor of Musick, for a Bawd. This we are subject to that live in high place, all our Intelligence is idle, and most of our Intelligencers Knaves; and by your leave, our selves thought little better, if not errant Fools,

Fools, for believing 'em. I *Adam Overdo* am resolv'd therefore to spare Spymony hereafter, and make mine own Discoveries. Many are the yearly Enormities of this *Fair*, in whose Courts of *Pye-pouldres* I have had the Honour, during the three Days, sometimes to sit as Judge. But this is the special day for detection of those foresaid Enormities. Here is my black Book for the purpose; this the Cloud that hides me; under this Covert I shall see and not be seen. On *Junius Brutus*. And as I began, so I'll end; in Justice name, and the King's, and for the Commonwealth.

SCENE II.

Leatherhead, Trash, Justice, Urs'la, Moon-calf, Nightingale, Passengers.

Leath. The *Fair's* pestlence dead methinks; People come not abroad to day, whatever the matter is. Do you hear, Sister *Trash*, Lady o' the Basket? sit farther with your Gingerbread Progeny there, and hinder not the Prospect of my Shop, or I'll ha' it proclaim'd i' the *Fair*, what Stuff they are made on.

Tra. Why, what Stuff are they made on, Brother *Leatherhead*? nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you.

Leath. Yes, stale Bread, rotten Eggs, musty Ginger, and dead Hony, you know.

Just. I! have I met with Enormity so soon?

Leath. I shall mar your Market, old *Jone*.

Tra. Mar my Market, thou too-proud Pedler? do thy worst, I defie thee, I, and thy Stable of Hobby-Horses. I pay for my Ground, as well as thou dost, and thou wrong'st me, for all thou art parcel-Poet, and an Ingineer. I'll find a Friend shall right me, and make a Ballad of thee, and thy Cattle all over. Are you puffed up with the pride of your Wares? your *Arfedine*?

Leath. Go too, old *Jone*, I'll talk with you anon; and take you down too, afore Justice *Overdo*, he is the Man must charm you, I'll ha' you i' the *Piepouldres*.

Tra. Charm me? I'll meet thee Face to Face, afore his Worship, when thou dar'st: and though I be a little
B 5 crooked

crooked o' my Body, I'll be found as upright in my dealing as any Woman in *Smithfield*; I, charm me?

Just. I am glad to hear my Name is their Terror, yet this is doing of Justice.

Leath. What do you lack? what is't you buy? what do you lack? Rattles, Drums, Halberts, Horses, Babies, o' the best? Fiddles o' the finest?

Enter Costermonger.

Cost. Buy any Pears, Pears, fine, very fine Pears.

Tra. Buy any Gingerbread, gilt Gingerbread!!

Night. Hey, Now the Fair's a filling!

O, for a Tune to startle

The Birds o' the Booths here billing:

Fearly with old Saint Barthle!

The Drunkards they are wading,

The Punques and Chapmen trading;

Who'd see the Fair without his Lading?

Buy any Ballads? new Ballads?

Urf. Fie upon't: who would wear out their Youth and Prime thus, in roasting of Pigs, that had any cooler Vocation? Hell's a kind of cold Cellar to't, a very fine Vault, o' my Conscience! what *Moon-calf*.

Moo. Here, Mistris.

Night. How now, *Urs'la*? in a heat; in a heat.

Urf. My Chair, you false Faucet you; and my Morning's Draught, quickly, a Bottle of Ale, to quench me, Raskal. I am all Fire and Fat, *Nightingale*, I shall e'en melt away to the first Woman, a Rib again, I am afraid. I do water the Ground in Knots, as I go, like a great Garden-pot; you may follow me by the S S I make.

Night. Alas, good *Urs*, was *Zekiel* here this Morning?

Urf. *Zekiel*? what *Zekiel*?

Night. *Zekiel Edgworth*, the civil Cut-purse, you know him well enough; he that talks bawdy to you still: I call him my Secretary.

Urf. He promis'd to be here this Morning. I remember.

Night.

Night. When he comes, bid him stay : I'll be back again presently. [*Mooncalf brings in the Chair.*]

Urf. Best take your Morning Dew in your Belly, *Nightingale* : Come Sir, set it here ; did not I bid you should get this Chair let out o' the sides for me, that my Hips might play ? you'll never think of any thing, till your Dame be rump-gall'd ; 'tis well Changeling : because it can take in your Grasshoppers Thighs, you care for no more. Now you look as you had been i' the Corner o' the Booth, fleaing your Breech with a Candle's End, and set Fire o' the Fair. Fill Stote, fill.

Just. This Pig-woman do I know, and I will put her in, for my second Enormity ; she hath been before me, *Punk*, *Pinnace*, and *Barwd*, any time these two and twenty Years upon Record i' the *Pie-pouldres*.

Urf. Fill again, you unlucky Vermine.

Moo. 'Pray you be not angry, Mistress, I'll ha' it widen'd anon.

Urf. No, no, I shall e'en dwindle away to't, e'er the Fair be 'done, you think, now you ha' heated me : A poor vex'd thing I am, I my self dropping already, as fast as I can ; two Stone a Sewet a day is my Proportion : I can but hold Life and Soul together, with this (here's to you, *Nightingale*) and a whiff of Tobacco, at most. Where's my Pipe now not fill'd ? thou errant *Incubee*.

Night. Nay, *Urs'la*, thou'lt gall between the Tongue and the Teeth, with fretting, now.

Urf. How can I hope that ever he'll discharge his Place of Trust, Tapster, a Man of reckoning under me, that remembers nothing I say to him ? but look to't, Sirrah, you were best, Three-pence a Pipe full, I will ha' made, of all my whole half Pound of Tobacco, and a quarter of a Pound of *Colts foot* mixt with it too, to eech it out. I that have dealt so long in the Fire, will not be to seek in Smoke, now. Then six and twenty Shillings a Barrel I will advance o' my Beer, and fifty Shillings a hundred o' my Bottle-Ale ; I ha' told you the way how to raise it. Froth your Cans.

Cans well i' the filling, at length Rogue, and jog your Bottles o' the Buttock. Sirrah, then skink out the first Glasz ever, and drink with all Companies, tho' you be sure to be drunk; you'll mis-reckon the better, and be less asham'd on't. But your true Trick, Rascal, must be, to be ever busy, and mistake away the Bottles and Cans, in haste, before they be half drunk off, and never hear any body call, (if they should chance to mark you) till you ha' brought fresh, and be able to forswear 'em. Give me a drink of Ale.

Just. This is the very *Womb* and *Bed* of Enormity! gross as herself! This must all down for Enormity, all, every whit on't. [One knocks.

Urf. Look who's there, Sirrah: Five Shillings a Pig is my Price, at least; if it be a Sow Pig, Six-pence more; if she be a great-bellied Wife, and long for't, Six-pence more for that.

Just. O tempora! O mores! I would not ha' lost my discovery of this one Grievance, for my Place, and Worship o' the *Bench*. How is the Poor abus'd here! Well, I will fall in with her, and with her *Mooncalf*, and win out wonders of Enormity. By thy leave, goodly Woman, and the Fatness of the *Fair*; oily as the King's Constable's Lamp, and shining as his Shooing-horn! Hath thy Ale Vertue, or thy Beer Strength, that the Tongue of Man may be tickled, and his Palate pleas'd in the Morning? let thy pretty Nephew here go search and see.

Urf. What new Roarer is this?

Moo. O Lord! do you not know him, Mistress? 'tis mad *Arthur* of *Bradley*, that makes the Orations. Brave Master, old *Arthur* of *Bradley*, how do you? welcome to the *Fair*; when shall we hear you again, to handle your matters, with your Back against a Booth, ha? I ha' been one o' your little Disciples, i' my days!

Just. Let me drink, Boy, with my Love, thy Aunt, here; that I may be eloquent: But of thy best, lest it be bitter in my mouth, and my Words fall foul on the *Fair*.

Urf.

Urf. Why dost thou not fetch him Drink? and offer him to sit?

Moo. Is't Ale, or Beer, Master *Arthur*?

Just. Thy best, pretty Stripling, thy best: the same thy Dove drinketh, and thou drawest on Holy-days.

Urf. Bring him a Six-penny Bottle of Ale: they say, a Fool's Haniel is lucky.

Just. Bring both, Child. Ale for *Arthur*, and Beer for *Bradley*. Ale for thine Aunt, Boy. My Disguise takes to the very wish and reach of it. I shall by the Benefit of this discover enough, and more: and yet get off with Reputation of what I would be: A certain midling Thing, between a Fool and a Madman.

S C E N E III.

To them, Knockhum.

Knoc. What! my little lean *Urs'la*! my She-Bear! art thou alive yet, with thy litter of Pigs, to grunt out another *Bartholomew Fair*? ha!

Urf. Yes, and to amble afoot, when the *Fair* is done, to hear you groan out of a Cart, up the heavy Hill.

Knoc. Of *Holborn*, *Urs'la*, meanest thou so? for what, for what, pretty *Urs*?

Urf. For cutting Half-penny Purfes, or stealing little penny Dogs out o' the *Fair*.

Knoc. O! good words, good words, *Urs*.

Just. Another special Enormity. A Cut-purse of the Sword, the Boot, and the Feather! those are his Marks.

Urf. You are one of those Horse-leaches that gave out I was dead, in *Turnbull-street*, of a Surfeit of Bottle-Ale and Tripes?

Knoc. No, 'twas better Meat, *Urs*: Cows Udders, Cows Udders!

Urf. Well, I shall be-meet with your mumbling Mouth one day.

Knoc. What? thou'lt poison me with a Neust in a Bottle

Bottle of Ale, wilt thou? or a Spider in a Tobacco-pipe, *Urs*? Come, there's no Malice in these fat Folks, I never fear thee, and I can scape thy lean *Moon-calf* here. Let's drink it out, good *Urs*, and no Vapours!

Just. Dost thou hear, Boy? (there's for thy Ale, and the Remnant for thee) speak in thy faith of a Faucet, now; is this goodly Person before us here, this Vapours, a Knight of the Knife?

Moo. What mean you by that, Master *Arthur*?

Just. I mean a Child of the Horn-thumb, a Babe of Booty, Boy, a Cut-purse.

Moo. O Lord, Sir! far from it. This is Master *Dan. Knockbum: Jordane* the Ranger of *Turnbull*. He is a Horse-courser, Sir.

Just. Thy dainty Dame, though, call'd him Cut-purse.

Moo. Like enough, Sir; she'll do forty such Things in an Hour, (an you listen to her) for her Recreation, if the Toy take her i' the greasie Kerchief: It makes her fat, you see; she battens with it.

Just. Here might I ha' been deceiv'd now, and ha' put a Fool's blot upon my self, if I had not play'd an after Game o' Discretion.

[*Urs'la* comes in again dropping.

Knoc. Alas, poor *Urs*, this is an ill Season for thee.

Urs. Hang your self, Hackney-man.

Knoc. How, how, *Urs*? Vapours? Motion breed Vapours?

Urs. Vapours? Never tusk, nor twirle your Dibble, good *Jordane*, I know what you'll take to a very Drop. Though you be Captain o' the Roarers, and fight well at the Case of Piss-pots, you shall not fright me with your Lyon chap, Sir, nor your Tusks; you angry? you are hungry: come a Pig's Head will stop your Mouth, and stay your Stomach at all times.

Knoc. Thou art such another mad merry *Urs*, still! Troth I do make Conscience of vexing thee, now i' the Dog days, this hot Weather, for fear of foundring thee i' the Body, and melting down a Pillar of the Fair.

Pray

Pray thee take thy Chair again, and keep state; and let's have a fresh Bottle of Ale, and a Pipe of Tobacco; and no Vapours. I'll ha' this Belly o' thine taken up, and thy Grasse scour'd, Wench: Look, here's *Ezekiel Edgworth*; a fine Boy of his Inches, as any is i' the Fair! has still Money in his Purse, and will pay all with a kind Heart, and good Vapours.

SCENE IV.

To them, Edgworth, Nightingale, Corn-cutter, Tinder-box-man, Passengers.

Edg. That I will indeed, willingly, Master *Knock-hum*; fetch some Ale and Tobacco.

Leath. What do you lack, Gentlemen? Maid, see a fine Hobby-horse for your young Master; cost you but a Token a Week his Provender.

Cor. Ha' you any Corns i' your Feet and Toes?

Tin. Buy a Mouse-trap, a Mouse-trap, or a Tormentor for a Flea.

Tra. Buy some Gingerbread.

Nigh. Ballads, Ballads! fine new Ballads:

Hear for your Love, and buy for your Money.

A delicate Ballad o' the Ferret and the Coney.

A Preservative again' the Punques evil.

Another of Goose-green-starch, and the Devil.

A dozen of Divine Points, and the Godly Garters.

The Fairing of good Counsel, of an Ell and three quarters. What is't you buy?

The Wind-mill blown down by the Witch's Fart!

Or Saint George, that O! did break the Dragon's Heart.

Edg. Master *Nightingale*, come hither, leave your Mart a little:

Nigh. O my Secretary! what says my Secretary?

Just. Child o' the Bottles, what's he? what's he?

Moo. A civil young Gentleman, Master *Arthur*, that keeps Company with the Roarers, and disburfes all still. He has ever Mony in his Purse; he pays for them, and they roar for him; one does good Offices for another.

They

They call him the Secretary, but he serves no body. A great Friend of the Ballad-mans, they are never asunder.

Just. What pity 'tis, so civil a young Man should haunt this debauch'd Company? Here's the Bane of the Youth of our time apparent. A proper Penman, I see't in his Countenance, he has a good Clerk's Look with him, and I warrant him a quick Hand.

Moo. A very quick Hand, Sir.

Edg. All the Purfes, and Purchase, I give you to day by Conveyance, bring hither to *Ursla's* presently. Here we will meet at Night in her Lodge, and share. Look you chuse good Places for your standing i' the Fair, when you sing, *Nightingale*.

[*This they whisper, that Overdo hears it not.*]

Urf. I, near the fullest Passages, and shift them often.

Edg. And i' your singing, you must use your Hawks Eye nimbly, and fly the Purse to a mark still, where 'tis worn, and o' which side; that you may gi' me the sign with your Beak, or hang your Head that way i' the tune.

Urf. Enough, talk no more on't: Your Friendship (Masters) is not now to begin. Drink your Draught of Indenture, your sup of Covenant, and away; the Fair fills apace, Company begins to come in, and I ha' ne'er a Pig ready yet.

Knoc. Well said, fill the Cups, and light the Tobacco: let's give fire i' the Works, and noble Vapours.

Edg. And shall we ha' Smocks *Urs'la*, and good whimsies ha'?

Urf. Come, you are i' your bawdy Vein! the best the Fair will afford, *Zekiel*, if Bawd *Whit* keep his Word. How do the Pigs, *Moon-calf*?

Moo. Very passionate, Mistress, one on 'em has wept out an Eye. Master *Arthur o' Bradley* is melancholy here, no body talks to him. Will you any Tobacco, Master *Arthur*?

Just. No, Boy, let my meditations alone.

Moo. He's studying for an Oration, now.

Just.

Just. If I can with this Day's Travel, and all my Policy, but rescue this Youth here out of the Hands of the lewd Man and the strange Woman, I will sit down at Night, and say with my Friend *Ovid*, *Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, &c.*

Knoc. Here, *Zekiel*, here's a Health to *Urs'la*, and a kind Vapour; thou hast mony i' thy Purse still, and store! how dost thou come by it? Pray thee vapour thy Friends some in a courteous Vapour.

Edg. Half I have, Master *Dan. Knockhum*, is always at your Service.

Just. Ha, sweet Nature! what Goshawk would prey upon such a Lamb?

Knoc. Let's see what 'tis, *Zekiel*; count it, come, fill him to pledge me.

SCENE V.

To them, Win-wife, Quarlous.

Win-w. We are here before 'em methinks.

Quar. All the better, we shall see 'em come in now.

Leath. What do you lack, Gentlemen, what is't you lack? a fine Horse? a Lyon? a Bull? a Bear? a Dog, or a Cat? an excellent fine *Bartholomew* bird? or an Instrument? what is't you lack?

Quar. 'Slid! here's *Orpheus* among the Beasts, with his Fiddle, and all!

Tra. Will you buy any comfortable Bread, Gentlemen?

Quar. And *Ceres* selling her Daughter's Picture, in Ginger-work.

Win-w. That these People should be so ignorant to think us Chapmen for 'em! do we look as if we would buy Ginger-bread, or Hobby-horses?

Quar. Why, they know no better Ware than they have, nor better Customers than come. And our very being here makes us fit to be demanded, as well as others. Would *Cokes* would come! there were a true Customer for 'em.

Knoc. How much is't? thirty Shillings? Who's yonder!

der! *Ned Win-wife*? and *Tom Quarlous*, I think! yes: Gi' me it all, gi' me it all. Master *Win-wife*! Master *Quarlous*! will you take a Pipe of Tobacco with us? Do not discredit me now, *Zekiel*.

Win-w. Do not see him; he is the roaring Horse-courser, pray thee let's avoid him; turn down this way.

Quar. 'Slud, I'll see him, and roar with him too, and he roar'd a loud as *Neptune*; pray thee go with me.

Win-w. You may draw me to as likely an Inconvenience, when you please, as this.

Quar. Go to then, come along, we ha' nothing to do, Man, but to see Sights now.

Knoc. Welcome Master *Quarlous*, and Master *Win-wife*; will you take any Froth and Smoak with us?

Quar. Yes, Sir; but you'll pardon us if we knew not of so much Familiarity between us afore.

Knoc. As what, Sir?

Quar. To be so lightly invited to Smoak and Froth.

Knoc. A good Vapour! Will you sit down, Sir? this is old *Urs'la's* Mansion; how like you her Bower? here you may ha' your Punk and your Pig in State, Sir, both piping hot.

Quar. I had rather ha' my Punk cold, Sir.

Just. There's for me: Punk! and Pig!

Urf. What *Mooncalf*, you Rogue?

[*She calls within.*]

Moo. By and by, the Bottle is almost off, Mistress; here, Master *Arthur*.

Urf. I'll part you and your Play-fellow there, i' the garded Coat, an you sunder not the sooner.

Knoc. Master *Win-wife*, you are proud methinks, you do not talk, nor drink; are you proud?

Win-w. Not of the Company I am in, Sir, nor the Place, I assure you.

Knoc. You do not except at the Company, do you! are you in Vapours, Sir?

Moo. Nay, good Master *Dan. Knockhum*, respect my Mistress's Bower, as you call it; for the Honour of our Booth, none o' your Vapours here.

Urf.

Urf. Why, you thin lean Polecat you, and they have a mind to be i' their Vapours, must you hinder 'em? what did you know, Vermine, if they would ha' lost a Cloak, or such a Trifle? must you be drawing the Air of Pacification here? while I am tormented within i' the Fire, you Weasel?

[*She comes out with a Fire-brand.*]

Moo. Good Mistrefs, 'twas in the Behalf of your Booth's Credit that I spoke.

Urf. Why! would my Booth ha' broke, if they had fal'n out in't, Sir? or would their Heat ha' fir'd it? In, you Rogue, and wipe the Pigs, and mend the Fire, that they fall not, or I'll both baste and roast you 'till your Eyes drop out, like 'em. (Leave the Bottle behind you, and be curst a while.)

Quar. Body o' the Fair! what's this? Mother o' the Bawds?

Knoc. No, she's Mother o' the Pigs, Sir, Mother o' the Pigs.

Win. Mother o' the *Furies*, I think, by her Fire-brand.

Quar. Nay, she is too fat to be a *Fury*, sure some walking Sow of Tallow!

Win. An inspir'd Vessel of Kitchen-stuff!

Quar. She'll make excellent Geer for the Coach-makers here in *Smithfield*, to anoint Wheels and Axle-trees with.

[*She drinks this while.*]

Urf. I, I, Gamesters, mock a plain, plump, soft Wench o' the Suburbs, do, because she's juicy and wholesome; you must ha' your thin pinch'd Ware, pent up i' the Compass of a Dog-collar (or 'twill not do) that looks like a long lac'd *Conger*, set upright, and a green Feather, like Fennel i' the Joll on't.

Knoc. Well said, *Urs*, my good *Urs*; to 'em *Urs*.

Quar. Is she your Quagmire, *Dan*. *Knockbum*? is this your Bog?

Nig. We shall have a Quarrel presently.

Knoc. How, Bog? Quagmire? foul Vapours! humh!

Quar. Yes, he that would venture for't, I assure him, might

might sink into her, and be drown'd a Week, e'er any Friend he had could find where he were.

Win. And then he would be a Fort'night weighing up again.

Quar. 'Twere like falling into a whole Shire of Butter; they had need be a Team of *Dutchmen* should draw him out.

Knoc. Answer 'em, *Urs*, where's thy *Bartholomew* Wit now, *Urs*, thy *Bartholomew* Wit?

Urf. Hang 'em, rotten, roguy Cheaters, I hope to see 'em plagu'd one day (pox'd they are already, I am sure) with lean Play-house Poultry, that has the Bony Rump, sticking out like the Ace of Spades, or the point of a Partizan, that every Rib of 'em is like the Tooth of a Saw; and will so grate 'em with their Hips and Shoulders, as (take 'em altogether) they were as good lie with a hurdle.

Quar. Out upon her, how she drips! She's able to give a Man the Sweating-sickness with looking on her.

Urf. Marry look off, with a patch o' your Face, and a dozen i' your Breech, tho' they be o' Scarlet, Sir. I ha' seen as fine Out-sides as either o' yours, bring lowfie Linnen to the Brokers, ere now, twice a week.

Quar. Do you think there may be a fine new Cuck-ing-stool i'the *Fair*, to be purchas'd; one large enough, I mean? I know there is a Pond of Capacity for her.

Urf. For your Mother, you Rascal, out you Rogue, you Hedge-bird, you Pimp, you Pannier-man's Bastard, you.

Quar. Ha, ha, ha.

Urf. Do you sneer, you Dogs-head, you *Trendle Tail*! you look as you were begotten a' top of a Cart in Harvest-time, when the Whelp was hot and eager. Go, snuff after your Brother's Bitch, Mrs. *Commodity*; that's the Livery you wear, 'twill be out at the Elbows shortly. It's time you went to't for the t'other Remnant.

Knoc. Peace, *Urs*, Peace, *Urs*; they'll kill the poor Whale, and make Oil of her. Pray thee go in.

Urf. I'll see 'em pox'd first, and pil'd, and double pil'd.

Win. Let's away, her Language grows greasier than her Pigs.

Urf.

Urf. Does't so, Snotty-nose? good Lord! are you sniveling? You were engendred on a She-beggar in a Barn when the bald Thrasher, your Sire, was scarce warm.

Win. Pray thee let's go.

Quar. No, faith? I'll stay the end of her now: I know she cannot last long; I find by her *Similies* she wanes apace.

Urf. Does she so? I'll set you gone. Gi' me my Pig-pan hither a little. I'll scald you hence, an you will not go.

Knoc. Gentlemen, these are very strange Vapours! and very idle Vapours! I assure you.

Quar. You are a very serious As, we assure you.

Knoc. Humh! As? and serious? nay, then pardon me my Vapour. I have a foolish Vapour, Gentlemen: Any Man that does vapour me the As, Master *Quar-*
lous——

Quar. What then, Master *Jordan*?

Knoc. I do vapour him the Lie.

Quac. Faith, and to any Man that vapours me the Lie, I do vapour that.

Knoc. Nay then, Vapours upon Vapours.

Edg. Nig. 'Ware the Pan, the Pan, the Pan, she comes with the Pan, Gentlemen. God blefs the Woman.

[*Urs'la comes in with the Scalding Pan.*

Urf. Oh.

[*They fight.*

Tra. What's the matter?

Just. Goodly Woman!

Moo. Mistress!

[*She falls with it.*

Urf. Curse of Hell, that ever I saw these Fiends, oh! I ha' scalded my Leg, my Leg, my Leg, my Leg. I ha' lost a Limb in the Service! run for some Cream and Sallad Oil, quickly. Are you underpeering, you Baboon? rip off my Hose, an' you be Men, Men, Men.

Moo. Run you for some Cream, good Mother *Jone*. I'll look to your Basket.

Leath. Best sit up i' your Chair, *Urs'la*. Help, Gentlemen.

Knoc. Be of good cheer, *Urs*, thou hast hindred me the currying of a Couple of Stallions here, that abus'd the
good

good Race-bawd o' *Smithfield*; 'twas time for 'em to go.

Nig. I'faith, when the Pan came, they had made you run else. (This had been a fine time for purchase, if you had ventur'd.)

Edg. Not a whit, these Fellows were too fine to carry Mony.

Knoc. *Nightingale*, get some help to carry her Leg out o' the Air; take off her Shooes; body o' me, she has the Mallanders, the Scratches, the Crown Scab, and the Quitter Bone i' the t'other Leg.

Urs. Oh, the Pox! why do you put me in mind o' my Leg thus, to make it prick and shoot? would you ha' me i' the Hospital afore my time?

Knoc. Patience, *Urs*, take a good Heart, 'tis but a Blister as big as a Windgall; I'll take it away with the white of an Egg, a little Honey and Hog's grease, ha' thy Pasterns well roll'd, and thou shalt pace again by to morrow. I'll tend thy Booth, and look to thy Affairs the while: Thou shalt sit i' thy Chair, and give Directions, and shine *Ursa major*.

SCENE VI.

Justice, Edgworth, Nightingale, Cokes, Waspe, Mistress Overdo, Grace.

Just. These are the Fruits of Bottle Ale and Tobacco! the Fume of the one, and the Fumes of the other! Stay young Man, and despise not the Wisdom of these few Hairs that are grown gray in care of thee.

Edg. *Nightingale*, stay a little. Indeed I'll hear some o' this!

Cok. Come, *Numps*, come, where are you? Welcome into the Fair, Mistress *Grace*.

Edg. 'Slight, he will call Company, you shall see, and put us into doings presently.

Just. Thirst not after that frothy Liquor, Ale: for who knows when he openeth the Stopple, what may be in the Bottle? Hath not a Snail, a Spider, yea, a Newt been found there? thirst not after it, Youth; thirst not after it.

Cok.

Cok. This is a brave Fellow, *Numps*, let's hear him.

Wasp. 'Sblood, how brave is he? in a garded Coat? You were best truck with him, e'en strip, and truck presently, it will become you, why will you hear him, because he is an Afs, and may be a-kin to the *Cokefes*.

Cok. O, good *Numps*.

Just. Neither do thou lust after that tawney Weed Tobacco.

Cok. Brave words!

Just. Whose Complexion is like the *Indian's* that vents it!

Cok. Are they not brave Words, Sister?

Just. And who can tell, if before the gathering and making up thereof, the *Alligarta* hath not piss'd thereon?

Wasp. 'Heart let 'em be brave words, as brave as they will! and they were all the brave Words in a Country, how then? will you away yet? ha' you enough on him? *Mistress Grace*, come you away, I pray you, be not you accessary. If you do lose your Licence, or somewhat else, Sir, with listning to his Fables, say *Numps* is a Witch, with all my heart, do, say so.

Cok. Avoid i' your Sattin Doublet, *Numps*.

Just. The creeping Venom of which subtle Serpent, as some late Writers affirm, neither the cutting of the perillous Plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting or burning, can any way persway or assuage.

Cok. Good i' faith! is't not, Sister?

Just. Hence it is that the Lungs of the Tobacconist are rotted, the Liver spotted, the Brain smoak'd like the back-side of the Pig-woman's Booth here, and the whole Body within black as her Pan you saw e'en now without.

Cok. A fine Similitude that, Sir, did you see the Pan?

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Just. Nay, the hole in the Nose here, of some Tobacco-takers, or the Third Nøstril, (if I may so call it) which makes that they can vent the Tobacco out, like the Ace of Clubs, or rather the Flower-de-Lice, is caused from the Tobacco, the meer Tobacco! when the poor innocent Pox, having nothing to do there, is miserably and most unconscionably slander'd.

Cok.

Cok. Who would ha' mis'd this, Sister ?

Over. Not any Body but *Numps*.

Cok. He does not understand.

Edg. Nor you feel.

[*He picketh his Purse.*

Cok. What would you have, Sitter, of a Fellow that knows nothing but a Basket-hilt, and an old Fox in't? the best Musick i' the Fair will not move a Log.

Edg. In, to *Urs'la*, *Nightingale*, and carry her comfort: see it told. This Fellow was sent to us by Fortune, for our first Fairing.

Just. But what speak I of the Diseases of the Body, Children of the Fair ?

Cok. That's to us, Sister. Brave i' faith !

Just. Hark, O you Sons and Daughters of *Smithfield* ! and hear what Malady it doth the Mind : It causeth swearing, it causeth swagging, it causeth snuffling and snarling, and now and then a hurt.

Over. He hath something of Master *Overdo*, methinks, Brother.

Cok. So methought, Sister, very much of my Brother *Overdo* : And 'tis when he speaks.

Just. Look into any Angle o' Town, (the *Streights*, or the *Bermuda's*) where the quarreling Lesson is read, and how do they entertain the time, but with Bottle-Ale and Tobacco ? The Lecturer is o' one side, and his Pupils o' the other ; but the Seconds are still Bottle-Ale and Tobacco, for which the Lecturer reads, and the Novices pay. Thirty Pound a Week in Bottle-Ale ! Forty in Tobacco ! and ten more in Ale again. And then for a Suit to drink in, so much, and (that being slaver'd) so much for another Suit, and then a Third Suit, and a Fourth Suit ! And still the Bottle-Ale slavereth, and the Tobacco stinketh.

Wasp. Heart of a Mad-man ! Are you rooted here ? Will you never away ? What can any Man find out in this bawling Fellow, to grow here for ? He is a full handful higher sin' he heard him. Will you fix here, and set up a Booth, Sir ?

Just. I will conclude briefly——

Wasp. Hold your Peace, you roaring Rascal, I'll run my

my Head i' your Chaps else. You were best build a Booth, and entertain him ; make your Will, and you say the Word, and him your Heir ! Heart, I never knew one taken with a Mouth of a Peck afore. By this Light, I'll carry you away o' my Back, and you will not come.

[*He gets him up on pick pack.*

Cok. Stay, *Numps*, stay, let me down : I ha' lost my Purse, *Numps*, O my Purse ! One o' my fine Purse is gone.

Over. Is't indeed, Brother ?

Cok. I, as I am an honest man, would I were an errant Rogue else ! a plague of all roguery damn'd Cut-purses for me.

Wasp. Bless 'em with all my Heart, with all my Heart, do you see ! Now, as I am no Infidel, that I know of, I am glad on't. I, I am, (here's my Witness) do you see, Sir ? I did not tell you of his Fables, I ? no, no, I am a dull Malt-horse I, I know nothing. Are you not justly serv'd, i' your Conscience now ? speak i' your Conscience. Much good do you with all my Heart, and his good Heart that has it, with all my Heart again.

Edg. This Fellow is very Charitable, wou'd he had a Purse too ! But I must not be too bold all at a time.

Cok. Nay, *Numps*, it is not my best Purse.

Wasp. Not your best ! death ! why should it be your worst ? why should it be any, indeed, at all ? Answer me to that, gi' me a Reason from you, why it should be any ?

Cok. Nor my Gold, *Numps* ; I ha' that yet, look here else, Sister.

Wasp. Why so, there's all the feeling he has !

Over. I pray you, have a better care of that, Brother.

Cok. Nay, so I will, I warrant you ; let him catch this that catch can. I would fain see him get this, look you here.

Wasp. So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so ! Very good.

Cok. I would ha' him come again now, and but offer at it. Sister, will you take notice of a good Jest ? I will put it just where th' other was, and if we ha' good luck, you shall see a delicate fine Trap to catch the Cut-purse nibbling.

Edg. Faith, and he'll try ere you be out o' the Fair.

Cok. Come, Mistress *Grace*, prethee be not melancholy
C far

for my Mischance; Sorrow wi' not keep it, Sweet Heart.
Gra. I do not think on't, Sir.

Cok. 'Twas but a little scurvy white Mony, hang it; it may hang the Cut-purse one day. I ha' Gold left to gi' thee a Fairing yet, as hard as the World goes: Nothing angers me but that no body here look'd like a Cut-purse, unless 'twere *Numps*.

Wasp. How? I? I look like a Cut-purse? Death! your Sister's a Cut-purse! and your Mother and Father, and all your Kin were Cut-purses! and here is a Rogue is the Bawd o' the Cut-purses, whom I will beat to begin with.

They speak all together; and Wasp beats the Justice.

Cok. *Numps, Numps.*

Over. Good Mr. *Humphrey.*

Wasp. You are the *Patricio!* are you? the Patriarch of the Cut-purses? You share, Sir, they say, let them share this with

you. Are you i' your hot fit of Preaching again? I'll cool you.

Just. Murther, Murther, Murther.

Just. Hold thy Hand, Child of Wrath, and Heir of Anger, make it not *Childermass* Day in thy Fury, or the Feast of the *French Bartholomew*, Parent of the Massacre.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Whit, Haggise, Bristle, Leather-head, Trass.

NAY, tish all gone, now! dish tish, phen tou vilt not be phitin call, Master Offisher, phat ish a Man te better to lishen out noyshes for tee, and tou art in an oder 'orld, being very shuffishient noyshes and gallantsh too, one o' their brabblesh would have fed ush all dish Fortnight, but tou art so bushy about beggersh still, tou hast no leshure to intend shentlemen, and't be.

Hag. Why, I told you, *Davy Bristle.*

Bri. Come, come, you told me a Pudding, *Toby Haggise;*

Haggise; a matter of nothing; I am sure it came to nothing! You said, let's go to *Ursla's*, indeed; but then you met the Man with the Monsters, and I could not get you from him. An old Fool, not leave seeing yet?

Hag. Why, who would ha' thought any body would ha' quarrell'd so early; or that the Ale o' the *Fair* would ha' been up so soon?

Whit. Phy, phat a Clock toest tou tink it ish, Man?

Hag. I cannot tell.

Whit. Tou art a vish Vatchman, i'te mean teem.

Hag. Why, should the Watch go by the Clock, or the Clock by the Watch, I pray?

Bri. One should go by another, if they did well.

Whit. Tou art right now! phen didst tou ever know or hear of a shuffishient Vatchman, but he did tell the Clock, phat bushiness soever he had?

Bri. Nay, that's most true, a sufficient Watchman knows what a Clock it is.

Whit. Shleeping or vaking! ash well as te Clock himself, or te Jack dat shrikes him!

Bri. Let's enquire of Master *Leatherhead*, or *Jone Traß* here. Master *Leatherhead*, do you hear, Master *Leatherhead*?

Whit. If it be a Ledderhead, tish a very tick Lederhead, tat sho mush noish vill not piersh him.

Lea. I have a little business now, good Friends, do not trouble me.

Whit. Phat? because o'ty wrought neet Cap, and ty Phelvet Sherkin, Man? Phy? I have sheene tee in ty Ledder Sherkin, e'er now, Mashter o' de Hobby-horses, as bushy and stately as tou sheemest to be.

Tra. Why, what an' you have, Captain *Whit*? he has his choice of Jerkins, you may see by that, and his Caps too, I assure you, when he pleases to be either sick or imploy'd.

Lea. God-a-mercy *Jone*, answer for me.

Whit. Away, be not sheen i' my Company, here be Shentlemen, and men of Vorship.

SCENE II.

Quarlous, Whit, Win-wife, Busy, John, Pure-craft, Win, Knockbum, Moon-calf, Urs'la.

Quar. We had wonderful ill luck, to miss this Prologue o' the Purse; but the best is, we shall have Five *Acts* of him ere Night: He'll be Spectacle enough! I'll answer for't.

Whit. O Creech! Duke *Quarlous*, how dosht thou? thou dosht not know me, I fear? I am te vishesht man, but Justish *Overdo*, in all *Bartholomew Fair* now. Gi' me Twelve Pence from tee, I vill help tee to a Vife vorth Forty Marks for't, and't be.

Quar. Away, Rogue; Pimp, away.

Whit. And she shall shew tee as fine cut o'rke for't, in her Shmock too as thou canst vish i'faith; wilt thou have her, Vorphishful *Vin-vife*? I vill help tee to her here, be an't be, into Pig-Quarter, gi' me ty Twelve Pence from tee.

Win-w. Why, there's Twelve Pence, prey thee wilt thou be gone.

Whit. Thou art a vorthy Man, and a vorphishful Man still.

Quar. Get you gone, Rascal.

Whit. I do mean it, Man, Prinsh *Quarlous*, if thou hast need on me, thou shalt find me here at *Urssa's*, I vill see phat Ale and Punque ish i' te Pigshty for tee blest ty good Vorphish.

Quar. Look! who comes here? *John Little-wit*!

Win-w. And his Wife, and my Widow, her Mother: the whole Family.

Quar. 'Slight, you must gi' 'em all Fairings now.

Win-w. Not I, I'll not see 'em.

Quar. They are going a feasting. What School-master's that is with 'em?

Win-w. That's my Rival, I believe, the *Baker*!

Bus. So, walk on in the middle way, fore-right, turn neither to the right hand not to the left; let not your Eyes be drawn aside with Vanity, nor your Ear with Noises.

Quar. O, I know him by that Start!

Lea.

Lea. What do you lack, what do you buy, pretty Mistris? a fine Hobby-horse, to make your Son a Tilter? a Drum, to make him a Soldier? a Fiddle, to make him a Reveller? What is't you lack? little Dogs for your Daughters? or Babies, Male or Female?

Buf. Look not toward them, hearken not; the place is *Smithfield*, or the *Field of Smiths*, the Grove of Hobby-horses and Trinkets, the Wares are the Wares of Devils, and the whole *Fair* is the Shop of *Satan*: They are Hooks and Baits, very Baits, that are hung out on every side, to catch you, and to hold you, as it were, by the Gills, and by the Nostrils, as the Fisher doth; therefore you must not look nor turn toward them——The *Heathen* Man could stop his Ears with Wax against the Harlot o' the Sea; do you the like with your Fingers against the Bells o' the Beast.

Win-w. What flashes come from him!

Quar. O, he has those of his Oven; a notable hot Baker 'twas when he ply'd the Peel: He is leading his Flock into the *Fair* now.

Win-w. Rather driving 'em to the Pens; for he will let 'em look upon nothing.

Knoc. Gentlewomen, the Weather's hot; whither walk you? Have a care o' your fine Velvet Caps, the *Fair* is dusty. Take a sweet delicate Booth, with Boughs, here i' the way, and cool your selves i' the Shade; you and your Friends. The best Pig and Bottle Ale i' the *Fair*, Sir. Old *Ursla* is Cook, there you may read; the Pig's Head speaks it. Poor Soul, she has had a *Stringhalt*, the *Marybinchco*; but she's prettily amended.

[*Little-wit is gazing at the Sign; which is the Pig's Head, with a large Writing under it.*]

Whit. A delicate Show-Pig, little Mistress, with shweet Sauce, and Crackling, like de Bay-Leaf i' de Fire, la! 'Tou sholt ha' de clean side o' de Table-Clot, and di Glafs vash'd with phatersh of Dame *Anness Cleare*.

Job. This is fine verily, here be the best Pigs, and she does roast 'em as well as ever she did, the Pig's Head says.

Knoc. Excellent, excellent Mistrefs, with Fire of *Juniper* and *Rosemary* Branches! The Oracle of the Pig's Head, that, Sir.

Purec. Son, were you not warn'd of the Vanity of the Eye? Have you forgot the wholesome Admonition so soon?

Job. Good Mother, how shall we find a Pig, if we do not look about for't? Will it run off o' the Spit, into our Mouths, think you, as in *Lubberland*, and cry, *we, we*?

Bus. No, but your Mother, religiously wise, conceiveth it may offer it self by other means to the Sense, as by way of Steam, which I think it doth here in this Place (Huh, huh) yes, it doth. [*Busy scents after it like a Hound*] And it were a Sin of Obstinacy, great Obstinacy, high and horrible Obstinacy, to decline or resist the good Tirillation of the famelick Sense, which is the Smell. Therefore be bold (huh, huh, huh) follow the Scent. Enter the Tents of the Unclean, for once, and satisfy your Wife's Frailty. Let your frail Wife be satisfied; your zealous Mother, and my suffering self, will also be satisfied.

Job. Come, *Win*, as good winny here as go farther, and see nothing.

Bus. We scape so much of the other Vanities, by our early entring.

Purec. It is an edifying Consideration.

Win. This is scurvy, that we must come into the Fair, and not look on't.

Job. *Win*, have patience, *Win*, I'll tell you more anon.

Knoc. *Moon-calf*, entertain within there, the best Pig i' the Booth, a Pork-like Pig. These are *Banbury-bloods*, o' the sincere stud, come a Pig-hunting. *Whit*, wait, *Whit*, look to your Charge.

Bus. A Pig prepare presently, let a Pig be prepared to us.

Moon. 'Slight, who be these?

Urf. Is this the good Service, *Jordan*, you'd do me?

Knoc. Why, *Urs*? why, *Urs*? thou'lt ha' Vapours i' thy Leg again presently, pray thee go in, 't may turn to the Scratches else.

Urf. Hang your Vapours, they are stale, and stink like you; are these the Guests o' the Game you promis'd to fill my Pit withal to day?

Knoc.

Knoc. I, what ail they, *Urs*?

Urs. Ail they? they are all Sippers, Sippers o' the City, they look as they would not drink off two penn'orth of Bottle Ale among'st 'em.

Moon. A body may read that i' their small printed Ruffs.

Knoc. Away, thou art a Fool, *Urs*, and thy *Mooncalf* too, i' your ignorant Vapours now: Hence, good Guests, I say, right Hypocrites, good Gluttons. In, and set a couple o' Pigs o' the Board, and half a dozen of the biggest Bottles afore 'em, and call *Whit*: I do not love to hear Innocents abus'd: Fine ambling Hypocrites! and a Stone-Puritan with a Sorrel Head and Beard, good mouth'd Gluttons: Two to a Pig, away.

Urs. Are you sure they are such?

Knoc. O' the right Breed, thou shalt try 'em by the Teeth, *Urs*; where's this *Whit*?

Whit. Behold, man, and see, what a worthy man am ee!

With the Fury of my Sword, and the shaking of my Beard, I will make Ten Thousand Men afraid.

Knoc. Well said, brave *Whit*, in, and fear the Ale out o' the Bottles into the Bellies of the Brethren, and the Sisters drink to the Cause, and pure Vapours.

Quar. My Roarer is turn'd Tapster, methinks. Now were a fine time for thee, *Win-wife*, to lay aboard thy Widow, thou'lt never be a Master of a better Season or Place; She that will venture her self into the *Fair*, and a Pig-box, will admit any Assault, be assur'd of that.

Win-w. I love not Enterprises of that suddenness tho'.

Quar. I'll warrant thee then, no Wife out o' the Widow's Hundred: If I had but as much Title to her, as to have breath'd once on that streight Stomacher of hers, I would now assure my self to carry her yet, ere she went out of *Smithfield*. Or she should carry me, which were the fitter sight, I confess. But you are a modest Undertaker, by Circumstances and Degrees; come, 'tis Disease in thee, not Judgment, I should offer at all together. Look, here's the poor Fool again, that was stung by the Wasp ere while.

SCENE III.

Justice, Win-wife, Quarulous.

Just. I will make no more Orations, shall draw on these tragical Conclusions. And I begin now to think, that by a specie of collateral Justice, *Adam Overdo* deserv'd this beating; for I the said *Adam* was one Cause (a By-cause) why the Purse was lost: and my Wife's Brother's Purse too, which they know not of yet. But I shall make very good Mirth with it at Supper, (that will be the Sport) and put my little Friend, *Mr. Humphrey Wasp's* Choler quite out of countenance. When, sitting at the upper end o' my Table, as I use, and drinking to my Brother *Cokes*, and Mrs. *Alice Overdo*, as I will, my Wife, for their good Affection to old *Bradley*, I deliver to 'em, it was I that was cudgell'd, and shew 'em the Marks. To see what bad Events may peep out o' the Tail of good Purposes! The Care I had of that civil young Man, I took fancy to this Morning, (and have not left it yet) drew me to that Exhortation, which drew the Company indeed; which drew the Cut-purse; which drew the Mony; which drew my Brother *Cokes* his loss; which drew on *Wasp's* Anger; which drew on my beating: A pretty Gradation! and they shall ha' it i' their Dish i' faith at night for Fruit; I love to be merry at my Table. I had thought once, at one special Blow he ga' me, to have revealed my self; but then (I thank thee, Fortitude) I remembred that a wise Man (and who is ever so great a part o' the Commonwealth in himself) for no particular Disaster ought to abandon a publick good Design. The Husband man ought not, for one unthankful Year, to forsake the Plough; the Shepherd ought not for one scab'd Sheep to throw by his Tarbox; the Pilot ought not, for one Leak i' the Poop, to quit the Helm; nor the Alderman ought not, for one Custard more at a Meal, to give up his Cloak; the Constable ought not to break his Staff, and forswear the Watch, for one roaring Night; nor the Piper o' the Parish (*ut parvis componere magna solebam*) to put up his Pipes for one rainy Sunday. These are certain knocking Conclusions; out of which, I am resolv'd, come what come can, come Beating, come Imprison-

Imprisonment, come Infamy, come Banishment; nay, come the Rack, come the Hurdle, (welcome all) I will not discover who I am, till my due time; and yet still, all shall be, as I said ever, in Justice name, and the King's, and for the Commonwealth.

Win. What does he talk to himself, and act so seriously? poor Fool!

Quar. No matter what. Here's a fresher Argument, intend that.

SCENE IV.

Cokes, Leatherhead, Wasp, Mistress Overdo, Win-wife, Quarlous, Trash, Grace.

Cok. Come, Mistress Grace, come Sister, here's more fine Sights, yet i' faith. Gods lid where's *Numps*?

Lea. What do you lack, Gentlemen? what is't you buy? fine Rattles, Drums, Babies, little Dogs, and Birds for Ladies? What do you lack?

Cok. Good honest *Numps*, keep afore, I am so afraid thou'lt lose somewhat; my Heart was at my Mouth, when I mist thee.

Wasp. You were best buy a Whip i' your Hand to drive me.

Cok. Nay, do not mistake, *Numps*, thou are so apt to mistake: I would but watch the Goods. Look you now, the treble Fiddle was e'en almost like to be lost.

Wasp. Pray you take heed you lose not your self; your best way were e'en get up and ride for more surety. Buy a Token's worth of great Pins, to fasten your self to my Shoulder.

Lea. What do you lack, Gentlemen? fine Purfes, Pouches, Pin-cases, Pipes? What is't you lack? a pair o' Smiths to wake you i' the Morning? or a fine whistling Bird?

Cok. *Numps*, here be finer things than any we ha' bought by odds! and more delicate Horses, a great deal; good *Numps*, stay, and come hither.

Wasp. Will you scourse with him? you are in *Smith-field*, you may fit your self with a fine easie going Street-nag, for your Saddle again *Michaelmas Term*, do; has he ne'er a little odd Cart for you to make a

Carroch on, i' the Country, with four pyed Hobby-horses? why the Measles, should you stand here, with your Train, cheapning of Dogs, Birds, and Babies? you ha' no Children to bestow 'em on, ha' you?

Cok. No, but again I ha' Children, *Numps*, that's all one.

Wasp. Do, do, do, do; how many shall you have, think you? an' I were as you, I'd buy for all my Tenants too, they are a kind o' civil Savages, that will part with their Children for Rattles, Pipes, and Knives. You were best buy a Hatchet or two, and truck with 'em.

Cok. Good *Numps*, hold that little Tongue o' thine, and save it a labour. I am resolute *Bat*, thou know'st.

Wasp. A resolute Fool you are, I know, and a very sufficient Coxcomb; with all my Heart; nay you have it, Sir, and you be angry, Turd i' your Teet, twice; (if I said not once afore) and much good do you.

Win. Was there ever such a self-affliction, and so impertinent?

Quar. Alas! his Care will go nere to crack him, let's in and comfort him.

Wasp. Would I had been set i' the Ground, all but the Head on me, and had my Brains bowl'd at, or thresh'd out, when first I underwent this plague of a Charge!

Quar. How now, *Numps*? almost tir'd i' your Protectorship? overparted, overparted?

Wasp. Why, I cannot tell, Sir, it may be I am; doesn't grieve you?

Quar. No, I swear does't not, *Numps*: to satisfie you.

Wasp. *Numps*? 'Sblood, you are fine and familiar! how long ha' we been acquainted, I pray you?

Quar. I think it may be remembred, *Numps*, that? 'twas since Morning fure.

Wasp. Why, I hope I know't it well enough, Sir, I did not ask to be told.

Quar. No? why then?

Wasp. It's no matter why; you see with your Eyes, now, what I said to you to day? you'll believe me another time?

Quar. Are you removing the Fair, *Numps*?

Wasp.

Wasp. A pretty Question! and a very civil one! yes faith, I ha' my Lading you see, or shall have anon; you may know whose Beast I am by my Burden. If the Pannier's man's Jack were ever better known by his Loyns of Mutton, I'll be flead, and feed Dogs for him when his time comes.

Win. How melancholick Mistress Grace is yonder! pray thee let's go enter our selves in Grace with her.

Cok. Those fix Horses, Friend, I'll have ———

Wasp. How!

Cok. And the three Jews trumps; and half a dozen o' Birds, and that Drum (I have one Drum already) and your Smiths; I like that device o' your Smiths, very pretty well, and four Halberts——and (le' me see) that fine painted great Lady, and her three Women for state, I'll have.

Wasp. No, the Shop; buy the whole Shop, it will be best, the Shop, the Shop!

Lea. If his Worship please.

Wasp. Yes, and keep it during the Fair, Bobchin.

Cok. Peace, *Numps*. Friend do not meddle with him, an' you be wise, and would shew your Head above board; he will sting thorow your wrought Nightcap, believe me. A set of these Violins I would buy too, for a delicate young Noife I have i' the Country, that are every one a size less than another, just like your Fiddles. I would fain have a Masque at my Marriage, now I think on't: but I do want such a number of things. And *Numps* will not help me now, and I dare not speak to him.

Tra. Will your Worship buy any Ginger-bread, very good Bread, comfortable Bread?

Cok. Ginger-bread! yes, let's see.

Wasp. There's the t'other Sprindge. [*He runs to her Shop.*]

Lea. Is this well, good *Jone*, to interrupt my Market in the midst, and call away my Customers? Can you answer this at the *Piepouldres*!

Tra. Why? if his Mastership has a mind to buy, I hope my Ware lies as open as another's; I may shew my Ware as well as you yours.

Cok. Hold your peace; I'll content you both: I'll buy up his Shop and thy Basket.

Wasp.

Wasp. Will you i' faith?

Lea. Why shou'd you put him from it, Friend?

Wasp. Cry you mercy! you'd be sold too, would you? What's the price on you, Jerkin and all, as you stand? ha' you any Qualities?

Tra. Yes, Good-man-angry-man, you shall find he has Qualities if you cheapen him.

Wasp. Gods so, you ha' the selling of him! what are they? will they be bought for Love or Money?

Tra. No indeed, Sir.

Wasp. For what then, Victuals?

Tra. He scorns Victuals, Sir; he has Bread and Butter at home, thanks be to God! and yet he will do more for a good Meal, if the Toy take him i' the Belly: marry then they must not set him at lower ends, if they do, he'll go away though he fast. But put him a top o' the Table, where his place is, and he'll do you forty fine things. He has not been sent for, and fought out for nothing, at your great City-suppers, to put down *Coriat* and *Cokeley*, and been laught at for his labour; he'll play you all the Puppets i' the Town over, and the Players, every Company, and his own Company too; he spares no body!

Cok. I' faith?

Tra. He was the first, Sir, that ever baited the Fellow i' the Bear's Skin, an't like your Worship: no Dog ever came near him since. And for fine Motion!

Cok. Is he good at those too? can he set out a Mask trow?

Tra. O Lord, Master! fought to far and near for his Inventions; and he engrosses all, he makes all the Puppets i' the Fair.

Cok. Do'st thou (in troth) old Velvet Jerkin? give me thy Hand.

Tra. Nay, Sir, you shall see him in his Velvet Jerkin, and a Scarf too, at Night, when you hear him interpret Master *Littlewit's* Motion.

Cok. Speak no more, but shut up Shop presently, Friend, I'll buy both it and thee too, to carry down with me, and her Hamper beside. Thy Shop shall furnish out the Mask, and hers the Banquet: I cannot go less,

to set out any thing with credit. What's the price, at a word, of thy whole, Case, and all as it stands?

Lea. Sir, it stands me in Six and twenty Shilling seven Pence half-penny, besides three Shillings for my Ground.

Cok. Well, Thirty Shillings will do all, then! And what comes yours to?

Tra. Four Shillings and eleven Pence, Sir, Ground and all, an't like your Worship.

Cok. Yes, it does like my Worship very well, poor Woman; that Five Shillings more; what a Mask shall I furnish out, for forty Shillings? (Twenty Pound *Scotch*) and a Banquet of Ginger-bread? there's a stately thing! *Numps*? Sister? and my Wedding Gloves too: (that I never thought on afore.) All my Wedding Gloves, Ginger-bread? O me! what a Device will there be? to make 'em eat their Fingers ends! and delicate Brooches for the Bridemen, and all? and then I'll ha' this Poesie put to 'em, *For the best Grace*, meaning *Mistress Grace*, my Wedding Poesie.

Gra. I am beholden to you, Sir, and to your *Bartholomew Wit*.

Wasp. You do not mean this, do you? Is this your first Purchase?

Cok. Yes faith; and I do not think, *Numps*, but thou'lt say, it was the wisest Act that ever, I did in my Wardship.

Wasp. Like enough! I shall say any thing, I!

SCENE V.

To them, Justice, Edgworth, Nightingale.

Just. I cannot beget a *Project*, with all my political Brain yet; my *Project* is how to fetch off this proper young Man from his debauched Company: I have followed him all the *Fair* over, and still I find him with this Songster: And I begin shrewdly to suspect their Familiarity; and the young Man of a terrible taint, *Poetry*! with which idle Disease if he be infected, there's no hope of him, in a State-course, *Actum est*, of him for a Common-wealths-man; if he go to't in *Rime* once.

Edg. Yonder he is buying o' Gingebread; set in quickly, before he part with too much of his Mony.

Nig.

Nig. My Masters and Friends, and good People, draw near, &c. [*Cok. runs to the Ballad Man.*]

Cok. Ballads! hark, hark, pray thee, Fellow, stay a little; good *Numps*, look to the Goods. What Ballads hast thou? let me see, let me see my self.

Wasp. Why so! he's flown to another Lim-bush, there he will flutter as long more; till he ha' ne'er a Feather left. Is there a vexation like this, Gentlemen? will you believe me now, hereafter? shall I have Credit with you?

Quar. Yes faith shalt thou, *Numps*, and thou art worthy on't, for thou sweatest for't. I never saw a young Pimp-errant and his Squire better match'd.

Win-w. Faith, the Sister comes after 'em well too.

Gra. Nay, if you saw the Justice her Husband, my Guardian, you were fitted for the Mese, he is such a wise one in his way —

Win-w. I wonder we see him not here.

Gra. O! he is too serious for this Place, and yet better Sport than the other three, I assure you, Gentlemen, where-e'er he is, though't be o' the Bench.

Cok. How dost thou call it? A Caveat against Cut-purses! a good Jest i' faith, I would fain see that *Dæmon*, your Cut-purse you talk of, that delicate handed Devil; they say he walks hereabout; I would see him walk now. Look you Sister, here, here, [*He shews his Purse boastingly.*] let him come, Sister, and welcome. Ballad man, does any Cut-purses haunt hereabout? pray thee raise me one or two; begin and shew me one.

Nig. Sir, this is a Spell against 'em, spick and span new; and 'tis made as 'twere in mine own Person, and I sing it in mine own defence. But it will cost a Penny alone if you buy it.

Cok. No matter for the price, thou dost not know me, I see, I am an odd *Bartholomew*.

Ove. Has't a fine Picture, Brother?

Cok. O Sister, do you remember the Ballads over the Nursery-chimney at home o' my own passing up; there be brave Pictures, other manner of Pictures than these, Friend.

Wasp. Yet these will serve to pick the Pictures out o' your Pockets, you shall see.

Cok.

Cok. So I heard 'em say. Pray thee mind him not, Fellow; he'll have an Oar in every thing.

Nig. It was intended, Sir, as if a Purse should chance to be cut in my Presence, now, I may be blameless tho'; as by the Sequel will more plainly appear.

Cok. We shall find that i' the matter. Pray thee begin.

Nig. To the Tune of *Paggington's Pound*, Sir.

Cok. *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la.* Nay, I'll put thee in tune and all! Mine own Country Dance! Pray thee begin.

Nig. It is a gentle Admonition, you must know, Sir, both to the Purse-cutter and the Purse-bearer.

Cok. Not a word more, out of the Tune, an' thou lov'st me: *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la.* Come, when?

Nig. *My Masters, and Friends, and good People draw near,*

And look to your Purses for that I do say;

Cok. Ha, ha, this chimes! Good Counsel at first dash.

Nig. *And tho' little Mony in them you do bear,*
It cost more to get, than to lose in a Day. [*Cok.* Good!

You oft have been told,

Both the Young and the Old,

And bidden beware o' the Cut-purse so bold.

Cok. Well said! he were to blame that would not i' faith.

Nig. *Then if you take heed not, free me from the Curse,*
Who both give you warning, for, and the Cut-purse.
Youth, Youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy Nurse,
Than live to be hang'd for cutting a Purse.

Cok. Good i' faith, how say you, Numps? is there any harm i' this?

Nig. *It hath been upbraided to Men of my Trade,*
That oftentimes we are the Cause of this Crime;

Cok. The more Coxcombs they that did it, I wusse.

Nig. *Alack and for Pity, why should it be said?*
As if they regarded or Places or Time.

Examples have been

Of some that were seen

In Westminster Hall, yea the Pleaders between;

Then why should the Judges be free from this Curse,

More than my poor self for cutting the Purse? *Cok.*

Cok. God a mercy for that ! why should they be more free indeed ?

Nig. *Youth, Youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy Nurse,*

Than live to be hang'd for cutting a Purse.

Cok. That again, good Ballad-man, that again. O rare ! I would fain rub mine Elbow now, but I dare not pull out my hand. On I pray thee ; he that made this Ballad, shall be Poet to my Mask.

[He sings the burden with him.]

Nig. *At Worc'ster 'tis known well, and even i' the Fayl,*

*A Knight of good worship did there shew his Face
Against the foul Sinners, in zeal for to rail,
And lost (ipso facto) his Purse in the place.*

Cok. Is it possible ?

Nig. Nay, once from the Seat

Of Judgment so great

A Judge there did lose a fair Pouch of Velvet.

Cok. I'faith ?

Nig. O Lord for thy Mercy, how wicked or worse,
*'Are those that so venture their Necks for a Purse !
Youth, Youth, &c.*

Cok. *Youth, Youth, &c.* Pray thee stay a little, Friend ;
yet o' thy Conscience, Numps, speak, is there any harm
i' this ?

Wasp. To tell you true, 'tis too good for you, less
you had grace to follow it.

Just. It doth discover Enormity, I'll mark it more :
I ha' not lik'd a paltry piece of Poetry so well a good
while.

Cok. *Youth, Youth, &c.* where's this Youth now ?
A man must call upon him for his own good, and yet
he will not appear. Look here, here's for him ;
Handy-dandy, which Hand will he have ? On, I pray
thee, with the rest ; I do hear of him, but I cannot see
him, this Master Youth, the Cut-purse.

[He shews his Purse.]

Nig. *At Plays, and at Sermons, and at the Sessions,
'Tis daily their Practice such Booty to make ;
Yea, under the Gallows at Executions,
They stick not the Stare-about Purse to take.*

Nay

Nay one without grace,
At a better place,

At Court, and in Christmas, before the King's Face.

Cok. That was a fine Fellow! I would have him now.

Nig. Alack then for Pity must I bear the Curse,
That only belongs to the cunning Cut-purse?

Cok. But where's their Cunning now, when they should use it? they are all chain'd now, I warrant you. Youth, Youth, thou hadst better, &c. The Rat-catchers Charms are all Fools and Asses to this! A Pox on 'em, that they will not come! that a Man should have such a desire to a thing, and want it.

Quar. 'Fore God I'd give half the Fair, and 'twere mine, for a Cut-purse for him to save his longing.

[He shews his Purse again.

Cok. Look you, Sister, here, here, where is't now? which Pocket is't in, for a Wager?

Wasp. I beseech you leave your Wagers, and let him end his Matter an't may be.

Cok. O, are you edified, Numps?

Just. Indeed he do's interrupt him too much: There Numps spoke to Purpose.

Cok. Sister, I am an Ass, I cannot keep my Purse: On, on, I pray thee, Friend.

[Again.

[Edgworth gets up to him, and tickles him in the Ear with a Straw twice to draw his Hand out of his Pocket.

Nig. But O, you vile Nation of Cut-
purses all,
Relent and repent, and amend and be
sound,
And know that you ought not, by honest
Mens fall,
Advance your own Fortunes, to die above
Ground;

And though you go gay
In Silks, as you may,
It is not the high way to Heaven, (as
they say.)

Win-w. Will
you see sport?
look there's a
fellow gathers
up to him,
mark.

Qua. Good,
i' faith! O he
has lighted on
the wrong
Pocket.

Repent

Repent then, repent you, for better, for } *Win-w.* He
 worse, } has it, 'fore
 And kiss not the Gallows for cutting a } God he is a
 Purse. } brave Fellow;
 Youth, Youth, thou hadst better been } pity he should
 starv'd by thy Nurse, } be detected.
 Than live to be hang'd for cutting a Purse.

All. An excellent Ballad! An excellent Ballad!

Edg. Friend, let me ha' the first, let me ha' the first, I pray you.

Cok. Pardon me, Sir; first come first serv'd; and I'll buy the whole Bundle too.

Win. That Conveyance was better than all, did you see't? he has given the Purse to the Ballad-Singer.

Quar. Has he?

Edg. Sir, I cry you mercy. I'll not hinder the poor Man's Profit; pray you mistake me not.

Cok. Sir, I take you for an honest Gentleman; if that be mistaking, I met you to day afore: ha! humh! O God! my Purse is gone, my Purse, my Purse, &c.

Wasp. Come do not make a Stir, and cry your self an Ass thorow the Fair afore your time.

Cok. Why, hast thou it, *Numps*? good *Numps*, how came you by it, I marl?

Wasp. I pray you seek some other Gamester to play the Fool with; you may lose it time enough, for all your Fair Wit.

Cok. By this good Hand, Glove and all, I ha' lost it already if thou hast it not; feel else, and Mistress *Grace's* Handkerchief too, out o' the t'other Pocket.

Wasp. Why, 'tis well, very well, exceeding pretty and well.

Edg. Are you sure you ha' lost it, Sir?

Cok. O God! yes, as I am an honest Man, I had it but e'en now, at Youth, Youth.

Nig. I hope you suspect not me, Sir?

Edg. Thee? that were a Jest indeed! Dost thou think the Gentleman is foolish? where hadst thou Hands, I pray thee? Away Ass, away.

Just. I shall be beaten again, if I be spy'd.

Edg. Sir, I suspect an odd Fellow, yonder, is stealing away.

Ove.

Ove. Brother, it is the preaching Fellow ! you shall suspect him. He was at your t'other Purse, you know ! Nay stay, Sir, and view the Work you ha' done, an' you be benefic'd at the Gallows, and preach there, thank your own Handy-work.

Cok. Sir, you shall take no Pride in your Preferment, you shall be silenc'd quickly.

Just. What do you mean, sweet Buds of Gentility ?

Cok. To ha' my Penyworths out on you : Bud, no less than two Purfes a Day serve you ? I thought you a simple Fellow when my Man *Numps* beat you i' the Morning, and pitied you.

Ove. So did I, I'll be sworn, Brother ; but now I see he is a lewd and pernicious Enormity (as Master *Overdo* calls him.)

Just. Mine own Words turn'd upon me like Swords.

Cok. Cannot a Man's Purse be quiet for you i' the Matter's Pocket, but you must intice it forth and debauch it ?

Wasp. Sir, Sir, keep your Debauch, and your fine *Bartholomew* Terms to your self, and make as much on 'em as you please. But gi' me this from you i' the meantime ; I beseech you, see if I can look to this.

[*Wasp takes the Licence from him.*]

Cok. Why, *Numps* ?

Wasp. Why ? because you are an Ass, Sir, there's a Reason the shortest way, an' you will needs ha' it ; now you ha' got the Trick of losing, you'd lose your Breech an' 'twere loose. I know you, Sir, come, deliver, you'll go and crack the Vermine you breed now, will you ? 'tis very fine, will you ha' the Truth on't ? they are such retchless Flies as you are, that blow Cut-purses abroad in every Corner ; your foolish having of many makes 'em. An' there were no wiser than I, Sir, the Trade should lye open for you, Sir, it should i' faith, Sir, I would teach your Wit to come to your Head, Sir, as well as your Land to come into your Hand, I do assure you, Sir.

Win. Alack, good *Numps*.

Wasp. Nay, Gentlemen, never pity me, I am not worth it : Lord, send me at home once to *Harrow* o' the Hill

Hill again, if I travel any more, call me *Coriat* with all my Heart.

Quar. Stay, Sir, I must have a Word with you in private. Do you hear.

Edg. With me, Sir? what's your Pleasure, good Sir?

Quar. Do not deny it, you are a Cut-purse, Sir, this Gentleman here and I saw you: Nor do we mean to detect you (though we can sufficiently inform our selves toward the Danger of concealing you) but you must do us a piece of Service.

Edg. Good Gentlemen, do not undo me; I am a civil young Man, and but a Beginner indeed.

Quar. Sir, your Beginning shall bring on your Ending for us. We are no Catch-poles nor Constables. That you are to undertake is this; you saw the old Fellow with the Black Box here?

Edg. The little old Governor, Sir?

Quar. That same: I see you have flown him to a mark already. I would ha' you get away that Box from him, and bring it us.

Edg. Wou'd you ha' the Box and all, Sir, or only that that is in't? I'll get you that, and leave him the Box to play with still (which will be the harder o' the two) because I would gain your Worship's good Opinion of me.

Win-^{ter}. He says well, 'tis the greater mastery, and 'twill make the more sport when 'tis mist.

Edg. I, and 'twill be the longer a missing, to draw on the Sport.

Quar. But look you do it now, Sirrah, and keep your Word, or——

Edg. Sir, if ever I break my Word with a Gentleman, may I never read Word at my need. Where shall I find you?

Quar. Somewhere i' th' Fair, hereabouts. Dispatch it quickly. I would fain see the careful Fool deluded! Of all Beasts, I love the serious Ass; he that takes pains to be one, and plays the Fool with the greatest Diligence that can be.

Gra. Then you would not chuse, Sir, but love my Guardian, Justice *Overdo*, who is answerable to that Description in every Hair of him.

Quar.

Quar. So I have heard. But how came you, Mistress *Welborn*, to be his Ward, or have Relation to him at first?

Gra. Faith, through a common Calamity he bought me, Sir; and now he will marry me to his Wife's Brother, this wise Gentleman that you see, or else I must pay Value o' my Land.

Quar. 'Slid, is there no Device of Disparagement, or so? Talk with some crafty Fellow, some Picklock o' the Law! Would I had studied a year longer i' the Inns of Court, and't had been but i' your Case.

Win-w. I, Master *Quarlous*, are you proffering?

Gra. You'd bring but little Aid, Sir.

Win-w. (I'll look to you i' faith, Gamester.) An unfortunate foolish *Tribe* you are fal'n into, Lady, I wonder you can endure 'em.

Gra. Sir, they that cannot work their Fetters off must wear 'em.

Win-w. You see what care they have on you, to leave you thus.

Gra. Faith the same they have of themselves, Sir. I cannot greatly complain, if this were all the Plea I had against 'em.

Win. 'Tis true! but will you please to withdraw with us a little, and make them think they have lost you. I hope our manners ha' been such hitherto, and our Language, as will give you no cause to doubt your self in our Company.

Gra. Sir, I will give my self no cause; I am so secure of mine own manners, as I suspect not yours.

Quar. Look where *John Little-wit* comes.

Win-w. Away, I'll not be seen by him

Quar. No, you were not best, he'd tell his Mother, the Widow.

Win-w. Heart! what do you mean?

Quar. Cry you mercy, is the Wind there? Must not the Widow be nam'd?

SCENE VI.

John, Win, Trash, Leatherhead, Knockbum, Busy, Purecraft.

Job. Do you hear, *Win, Win*?

Win.

Win. What say you, *John*?

Job. While they are paying the Reckoning, *Win*, I'll tell you a Thing, *Win*; we shall never see any Sights i'the Fair, *Win*, except you long still, *Win*; good *Win*, sweet *Win*, long to some Hobby-horses, and some Drums, and Rattles, and Dogs, and fine Devices, *Win*. The Bull with the five Legs, *Win*; and the great Hog. Now you ha' begun with Pig, you may long for any thing, *Win*, and so for my motion, *Win*.

Win. But we sh'a not eat o' the Bull and the Hog, *John*; how shall I long then?

Job. O yes, *Win*: You may long to see, as well as to taste, *Win*. How did the 'Pothecary's Wife, *Win*, that long'd to see the Anatomy, *Win*? or the Lady, *Win*, that desir'd to spit i' the great Lawyer's Mouth, after an eloquent Pleading? I assure you, they long'd, *Win*; good *Win*, go in, and long.

Tra. I think we are rid of our new Customer, Brother *Leather-head*, we shall hear no more of him.

(*They plot to be gone.*)

Lea. All the better; let's pack up all, and be gone, before he find us.

Tra. Stay a little, yonder comes a Company; it may be we may take some more money.

Knoc. Sir, I will take your Counsel, and cut my Hair, and leave Vapours: I see that Tobacco, and Bottle-Ale and Pig, and *Whit*, and very *Urs'la* herself is all Vanity.

Buf. Only Pig was not comprehended in my Admonition, the rest were: For long Hair, it is an Ensign of Pride, a Banner; and the World is full of those Banners, very full of Banners. And Bottle-Ale is a Drink of *Satan's*, a Diet-drink of *Satan's* devised to puff us up, and make us swell in this latter Age of Vanity; as the Smoke of Tobacco, to keep us in Mist and Error: But the fleshly Woman (which you call *Urs'la*) is above all to be avoided, having the Marks upon her of the three Enemies of Man; the World, as being in the Fair; the Devil, as being in the Fire; and the Flesh, as being herself.

Pur. Brother *Zeal-of-the-Land*! what shall we do?
My

My Daughter *Win-the-fight* is fall'n into her Pit of Longing again.

Buf. For more Pig? There is no more, is there?

Pur. To see some Sights i' the *Fair*.

Buf. Sister, let her fly the Impurity of the Place swiftly, lest she partake of the Pitch thereof. Thou art the Seat of the Beast, O *Smithfield*, and I will leave thee. Idolatry peepeth out on every Side of thee.

Knoc. An excellent right Hypocrite! Now his Belly is full, he falls a railing and kicking, the Jade. A very good Vapour! I'll in, and joy *Urs'la*, with telling how her Pig works; two and a half he eat to his Share; and he has drunk a Pail-full. He eats with his Eyes, as well as his Teeth.

Lea. What do you lack, Gentlemen? What is't you buy? Rattles, Drums, Babies—

Buf. Peace with thy Apocryphal Ware, thou profane Publican; thy *Bells*, thy *Dragons*, and thy *Tobies Dogs*. Thy Hobby-horse is an Idol, a very Idol, a fierce and rank Idol; and thou, the *Nebuchadnezzar*, the proud *Nebuchadnezzar* of the *Fair*, that sett'st it up, for Children to fall down to, and worship.

Lea. Cry you mercy, Sir; will you buy a Fiddle to fill up your Noise?

Job. Look, *Win*, do, look a God's Name, and save your Longing. Here be fine Sights.

Pur. I, Child, so you hate 'em, as our Brother *Zeal* does, you may look on 'em.

Lea. Or what do you say to a Drum, Sir?

Buf. It is the broken Belly of the Beast, and thy Bel-lows there are his Lungs, and these Pipes are his Throat, those Feathers are of his Tail, and thy Rattles the Gnashing of his Teeth.

Tra. And what's my Gingerbread, I pray you?

Buf. The Provender that pricks him up. Hence with thy Basket of Popery, thy Nest of Images, and whole Legend of Ginger-work.

Lea. Sir, if you be not quiet the quicklier, I'll ha' you clapp'd fairly by the Heels, for disturbing the *Fair*.

Buf. The Sin of the *Fair* provokes me, I cannot be silent.

Pur.

Pur. Good Brother Zeal!

Lea. Sir, I'll make you silent, believe it.

Job. I'd give a Shilling you could, i' faith, Friend.

Lea. Sir, give me your Shilling, I'll give you my Shop, if I do not; and I'll leave it in Pawn with you i' the mean time.

Job. A Match, i' faith; but do it quickly then.

Bus. Hinder me not, Woman. [*He speaks to the Widow.*] I was mov'd in Spirit, to be here this Day, in this Fair, this wicked and foul Fair; and fitter may it be called a Foul than a Fair; to protest against the Abuses of it, the foul Abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted Saints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the Merchandise of *Babylon* again, and the peeping of *Popery* upon the Stalls here, here, in the High Places. See you not *Goldyllocks*, the Purple Strumpet there, in her yellow Gown and green Sleeves? the prophane Pipes, the tinkling Timbrels? A Shop of Relicts!

Job. Pray you forbear, I am put in trust with 'em.

Bus. And this idolatrous Grove of Images, this Flasket of Idols, which I will pull down —

[*Overtthrows the Gingerbread.*

(*Tra.* O my Ware, my Ware, God bless it.)

Bus. In my Zeal, and Glory to be thus exercis'd.

[*Leatherhead enters with Officers.*

Lea. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his Zeal; we cannot sell a Whistle for him in Tune. Stop his Noise first.

Bus. Thou can'st not; 'tis a sanctified Noise. I will make a loud and most strong Noise, till I have daunted the prophane Enemy. And for this Cause —

Lea. Sir, here's no Man afraid of you, or your Cause. You shall swear it i' the Stocks, Sir.

Bus. I will thrust my self into the Stocks, upon the Pikes of the Land.

Lea. Carry him away.

Pur. What do you mean, wicked Men?

Bus. Let them alone, I fear them not.

Job. Was not this Shilling well ventur'd, *Win*, for our Liberty? Now we may go play, and see over the Fair, where

where we list our selves ; my Mother is gone after him, and let her e'n go, and lose us.

Win. Yes, *John*; but I know not what to do.

Job. For what, *Win*?

Win. For a thing I am ashamed to tell you, i' faith ; and 'tis too far to go home.

Job. I pray thee be not ashamed, *Win.* Come, i' faith, thou shalt not be ashamed : Is it any thing about the Hobby-horse Man ? an't be, speak freely.

Win. Hang him, base Bobchin, I scorn him ; no, I have very great, what sha' call 'um, *John*.

Job. O ! Is that all, *Win* ? We'll go back to Captain *Jordan*, to the Pig-woman's, *Win*, he'll help us, or she, with a Dripping pan, or an old Kettle, or something. The poor, greasie Soul loves you, *Win* ; and after we'll visit the Fair all over, *Win*, and see my Puppet-play, *Win* ; you know 'tis a fine Matter, *Win*.

Lea. Let's away ; I counsell'd you to pack up afore, *Jone*.

Tra. A Pox of his *Bedlam* Purity. He has spoil'd half my Ware : But the best is, we lose nothing, if we miss our first Merchant.

Lea. It shall be hard for him to find, or know us, when we are translated, *Jone*.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Trouble-all, Bristle, Haggise, Cokes, Justice, Pocher, Busy, Purecraft.

Tro. **M**Y Masters, I do make no doubt, but you are Officers.

Bri. What then, Sir ?

Tro. And the King's loving and obedient Subjects.

Bri. Obedient, Friend ? Take heed what you speak, I advise you ; *Oliver Bristle* advises you. His loving Subjects, we grant you ; but not his obedient, at this time, by your Leave ; we know our selves a little better than so ; we are to command, Sir, and such as you are to be obedient. Here's one of his obedient Subjects go-

D

ing

ing to the Stocks; and we'll make you such another, if you talk.

Tro. You are all wise enough i' your Places, I know.

Bri. If you know it, Sir, why do you bring it in Question?

Tro. I question nothing, pardon me. I do only hope you have Warrant for what you do, and so quit you, and so multiply you. [*He goes away again.*]

Hag. What's he? Bring him up to the Stocks there. Why bring you him not up?

Tro. If you have Justice *Overdo's* Warrant, 'tis well; [*Comes again.*] you are safe; that is the Warrant, 'tis well; [*Comes again.*] you are safe; that is the Warrant of Warrants. I'll not give this Button for any Man's Warrant else.

Bri. Like enough, Sir; but let me tell you, an' you play away your Buttons thus, you will want 'em e'er Night, for any store I see about you; you might keep 'em, and save Pins, I wuf. [*Goes away.*]

Just. What should he be, that doth so esteem and advance my Warrant? He seems a sober and discreet Person! It is a Comfort to a good Conscience to be followed with a good Fame in his Sufferings. The World will have a pretty Taste by this, how I can bear Adversity; and it will beget a kind of Reverence toward me hereafter, even from mine Enemies, when they shall see, I carry my Calamity nobly, and that it doth neither break me, nor bend me.

Hag. Come, Sir, here's a Place for you to preach in. Will you put in your Leg? [*They put him in the Stocks.*]

Just. That I will, cheerfully.

Bri. O' my Conscience, a Seminary! he kisses the Stocks.

Cok. Well, my Masters, Ill leave him with you; now I see him bestowed, I'll go look for my Goods and Numps.

Hag. You may, Sir, I warrant you: Where's the t'other Bawler? Fetch him too, you shall find 'em both fast enough.

Just. In the midst of this Tumult, I will yet be the Author of mine own Rest, and not minding their Fury,
fit

fit in the Stocks in that Calm, as shall be able to trouble a *Triumph*.

Trou. Do you assure me upon your Words? [*Comes again.*] May I undertake for you, if I be ask'd the Question, that you have this Warrant?

Hag. What's this Fellow, for God's sake?

Tro. Do but shew me *Adam Overdo*, and I am satisfied. [*Goes out.*]

Bri. He is a Fellow that is distracted, they say; one *Trouble-all*: He was an Officer in the Court of *Pie-Powders* here last Year, and put out of his Place by Justice *Overdo*.

Just. Ha!

Bri. Upon which he took an idle Conceit, and's run mad upon't: So that ever since he will do nothing, but by Justice *Overdo's* Warrant; he will not eat a Crust, nor drink a little, nor make him in his Apparel ready. His Wife, Sirreverence, cannot get him make his Water, or shift his Shirt, without his Warrant.

Just. If this be true, this is my greatest Disaster! How am I bound to satisfy this poor Man, that is of so good a Nature to me, out of his Wits! where there is no room left for dissembling.

Tro. If you cannot shew me *Adam Overdo*, [*Comes in.*] I am in doubt of you; I am afraid you cannot answer it. [*Goes again.*]

Hag. Before me, Neighbour *Bristle* (and now I think on't better) Justice *Overdo* is a very parantory Person.

Bri. O, are you advis'd of that? and a severe Justicer, by your leave.

Just. Do I hear Ill o' that Side too?

Bri. He will sit as upright o' the Bench, an' you mark him, as a Candle i' the Socket, and give Light to the whole Court in every Business.

Hag. But he will burn blue, and swell like a Boil (God bless us) an' he be angry.

Bri. I, and he will be angry too, when his list, that's more; and when he is angry, be it right or wrong, he has the Law on's Side ever. I mark that too.

Just. I will be more tender hereafter. I see Com-

passion may become a Justice, though it be a Weakness, I confess, and nearer a Vice than a Virtue.

Hag. Well, take him out o' the Stocks again; we'll go a sure way to work, we'll ha' the Ace of Hearts of our Side, if we can. [*They take the Justice out.*]

Poc. Come, bring him away to his Fellow there. Master *Busby*, we shall rule your Legs, I hope, though we cannot rule your Tongue.

Bus. No, Minister of Darkness, no; thou can'st not rule my Tongue; my Tongue it is my own, and with it I will both knock and mock down your *Bartholomew* Abominations, till you be made a Hissing to the neighbour Parishes round about.

Hag. Let him alone, we have devis'd better upon't.

Pur. And shall he not into the Stocks then?

Bri. No, Mistress, we'll have 'em both to Justice *Overdo*, and let him do over 'em as is fitting. Then I, and my Gossip *Haggise*, and my Beadle *Pocher* are discharged.

Pur. O, I thank you, blessed, honest Men!

Bri. Nay, never thank us; but thank this Madman that comes here; he put it in our Heads.

Pur. Is he mad? Now Heaven increase his Madness, and bless it, and thank it: Sir, your poor Hand-maid thanks you. [*Comes again.*]

Tro. Have you a Warrant? An' you have a Warrant, shew it.

Pur. Yes, I have a Warrant, out of the Word, to give Thanks for removing any Scorn intended to the Brethren.

Tro. It is Justice *Overdo*'s Warrant that I look for, if you have not that, keep your Word, I'll keep mine. Quit ye, and multiply ye.

SCENE II.

Edgworth, Trouble-all, Nightingale, Cokes, Costard-monger.

Edg. Come away, *Nightingale*, I pray thee.

Tro. Whither go you? where's your Warrant?

Edg. Warrant! for what, Sir?

Tro. For what you go about, you know how fit it is; an'

an' you have no Warrant, blefs you, I'll pray for you,
that's all I can do. *[Goes out.]*

Edg. What means he?

Nig. A Mad-man that haunts the Fair; do you not know him? It's marvel he has not more Followers after his ragged Heels.

Edg. Beshrew him, he startled me: I thought he had known of our Plot. Guilt's a terrible thing: Ha' you prepar'd the Custard-monger?

Nig. Yes, and agreed for his Basket of Pears; he is at the Corner here, ready. And your Prize, he comes down sailing that way all alone, without his Protector; he is rid of him, it seems.

Edg. I, I know; I should ha' follow'd his Protectorship, for a Feat I am to do upon him: But this offer'd it self so i' the way, I could not let it 'scape: Here he comes, whistle; be this Sport call'd, *Dorring the Dottrel.*

Nig. Wh, wh, wh, wh, &c. *[Nightingale whistles.]*

Cok. By this Light, I cannot find my Gingerbread Wife, nor my Hobby-horse Man, in all the Fair now, to ha' my Mony again: And I do not know the way out on't, to go home for more. Do you hear, Friend, you that whistle? what Tune is that you whistle?

Nig. A new Tune, I am practising, Sir.

Cok. Dost thou know where I dwell, I pray thee? Nay, on with thy Tune; I ha' no such haste for an Answer: I'll practise with thee.

Cof. Buy any Pears, very fine Pears, Pears fine.

[Nightingale sets his Foot afore him, and he falls with his Basket.]

Cok. Gods so! a mufs, a mufs, a mufs, a mufs.

Cof. Good Gentlemen, my Ware, my Ware; I am a poor Man. Good Sir, my Ware.

Nig. Let me hold your Sword, Sir, it troubles you.

Cok. Do, and my Cloak an' thou wilt, and my Hat too. *[Cokes falls a scrambling whilst they run away with his things.]*

Edg. A delicate great Boy! Methinks he out-scrambles 'em all. I cannot perswade myself, but he goes to Grammar-School yet, and plays the Treuant to day.

Nig. Would he had another Purse to cut, *Zekiel.*

Edg. Purse! A Man might cut out his Kidneys, I think, and he never feel 'em, he is so earnest at the Sport.

Nig. His Soul is half-way out on's Body at the Game.

Edg. Away, *Nightingale*; that way.

Cok. I think I am furnish'd for Cattern-Pears, for one Under-meal: Gi' me my Cloak.

Cof. Good Gentleman, give me my Ware.

Cok. Where's the Fellow I ga' my Cloak to? My Cloak and my Hat? Ha! Gods'hid is he gone? Thieves, Thieves; help me to cry, Gentlemen. [*He runs out.*]

Edg. Away, Custard-monger, come to us to *Ursla's*. Talk of him to have a Soul! 'Heart, if he have any more than a thing given him instead of Salt, only to keep him from stinking, I'll be hang'd afore my Time, presently: Where should it be trow? In his Blood? He has not so much to'ard it in his whole Body as will maintain a good Flea: And if he take this Course, he will not ha' so much Land left as to rear a Calf, within this Twelve-month. Was there ever green Plover so pull'd! That his little Overseer had been here now, and been but tall enough to see him steal Pears, in Exchange for his Bever-Hat and his Cloak thus! I must go find him out next, for his Back Box, and his Patent (it seems) he has of his Place; which I think the Gentleman would have a Reversion of, that spoke to me for it so earnestly.

[*Cok. comes in again.*]

Cok. Would I might lose my Doublet, and Hose too, as I am an honest Man, and never stir, if I think there be any thing but Thieving and Cozening i' this whole Fair. *Bartholomew Fair*, quoth he; an' ever any *Bartholomew* had that Luck in't that I have had, I'll be Martyr'd for him, and in *Smithfield* too. I ha' paid for my Pears, a rot on 'em, I'll keep 'em no longer; [*Throws away his Pears.*] you were Choak-Pears to me: I had been better ha' gone to Mumchance for you, I wufs. Methinks the Fair should not have us'd me thus, and 'twere but for my Name's-sake; I would not ha' us'd a Dog o' the Name so. O, *Numps* will triumph now! Friend, do you know who I am? or where I lie? I do not my self, I'll be sworn. Do but carry me home, and Ill p lease thee; I ha' Mony enough there. I ha' lost my

my self, and my Cloak, and my Hat, and my fine Sword, and my Sister, and *Numps*, and Mistress *Grace*, (a Gentlewoman that I should ha' married) and a Cut-work Handkercheif she ga' me, and two Purfes, to day; and my Bargain o' Hobby-horses and Gingerbread, which grieves me worst of all. [Trouble-all comes again.

Tro. By whose Warrant, Sir, have you done all this?

Cok. Warrant? thou art a wise Fellow indeed; as if a Man need a Warrant to lose any thing with!

Tro. Yes, Justice *Overdo's* Warrant, a Man may get and lose with, I'll stand to't.

Cok. Justice *Overdo*? Dost thou know him? I lie there; he is my Brother-in-Law, he married my Sister: Pray thee shew me the way; dost thou know the House?

Tro. Sir, shew me your Warrant? I know nothing without a Warrant, pardon me.

Cok. Why, I warrant thee; come along: Thou shalt see I have wrought Pillows there, and Cambrisk Sheets, and Sweet-bags too. Pray thee guide me to the House.

Tro. Sir, I'll tell you; go you thither yourself first alone, tell your worshipful Brother your Mind, and but bring me three Lines of his Hand, or his Clerk's, with *Adam Overdo* underneath; here I'll stay you, I'll obey you, and I'll guide you presently.

Cok. 'Slid, this is an Ass, I ha' found him; Pox upon me, what do I talking to such a dull Fool? Farewel, you are a very Coxcomb, do you hear?

Tro. I think I am; if Justice *Overdo* sign to it, I am, and so we are all: He'll quit us all, multiply us all.

SCENE III.

Grace, Quarulous, Win-wife, Trouble-all, Edgworth.

They enter with their Swords drawn.

Gra. Gentlemen, this is no way that you take; you do but breed one another Trouble and Offence, and give me no Contentment at all. I am no she that affects to be quarrell'd for, or have my Name or Fortune made the Question of Mens Swords.

Qua. 'Slood, we love you.

Gra. If you both love me, as you pretend, your own Reason will tell you, but one enjoy me: And to that Point there leads a directer Line, than by my Infamy, which must follow, if you fight. 'Tis true, I have profest it to you ingenuously, that rather than to be yoak'd with this Bridegroom is appointed me, I would take up any Husband almost upon any Trust. Though Subtily would say to me, (I know) he is a Fool, and has an Estate, and I might govern him, and enjoy a Friend beside. But these are not my Aims; I must have a Husband I must love, or I cannot live with him. I shall ill make one of these Politick Wives.

Win-w. Why, if you can like either of us, Lady, say which is he, and the other shall swear instantly to desist.

Qua. Content, I accord to that willingly.

Gra. Sure you think me a Woman of extream Levity, Gentlemen, or a strange Fancy, that (meeting you by chance in such a place as this, both at one instant, and not yet of two hours acquaintance, neither of you deserving afore the other of me) I should so forsake my Modesty (though I might affect one more particularly) as to say, This is he, and name him.

Qua. Why, wherefore should you not? what should hinder you?

Gra. If you would not give it to my Modesty, allow it ye to my Wit; give me so much of Woman, and Cunning, as not to betray my self impertinently. How can I judge of you, so far as to a Choice, without knowing you more? You are both equal, and alike to me yet, and so indifferently affected by me, as each of you might be the Man, if the other were away. For you are reasonable Creatures, you have Understanding and Discourse; and if Fate send me an understanding Husband, I have no fear at all but mine own Manners shall make him a good one.

Quar. Would I were put forth to making for you then.

Gra. It may be you are, you know not what's toward you: Will you consent to a Motion of mine, Gentlemen?

Win-w. Whatever it be, we'll presume Reasonableness, coming from you.

Quar. And Fitness too.

Gra.

Gra. I saw one of you buy a pair of Tables e'en now.

Win-w. Yes, here they be, and maiden ones too, unwritten in.

Gra. The fitter for what they may be employ'd in. You shall write either of you here a Word or a Name, what you like best, but of two or three Syllables at most; and the next Person that comes this way, (because *Destiny* has a high hand in Business of this nature) I'll demand which of the two words he or she doth approve, and according to that Sentence, fix my Resolution and Affection without change.

Quar. Agreed; my Word is conceived already.

Win-w. And mine shall not be long creating after.

Gra. But you shall promise, Gentlemen, not to be curious to know which of you it is, taken; but give me leave to conceal that, till you have brought me either home, or where I may safely tender my self.

Win-w. Why that's but equal.

Quar. We are pleas'd.

Gra. Because I will bind both your Endeavours to work together friendly and jointly each to the other's Fortune, and have my self fitted with some Means, to make him that is forsaken a part of amends.

Quar. These Conditions are very courteous. Well, my Word is out of the *Arcadia* then, *Argalus*.

Win-w. And mine out of the Play, *Palemon*.

[*Trouble-all* comes again]

Tro. Have you any Warrant for this, Gentlemen?

Quar. *Win-w.* Ha!

Tro. There must be a Warrant had, believe it.

Win-w. For what?

Tro. For whatsoever it is, any thing indeed, no matter what.

Quar. 'Slight! here's a fine ragged Prophet dropt down i' the nick!

Tro. Heaven quit you, Gentlemen.

Quar. Nay, stay a little: Good Lady, put him to the Question.

Gra. You are content then?

Win-w. *Quar.* Yes, yes.

Gra. Sir, here are two Names written——

Tro. Is Justice *Overdo* one?

Gra. How, Sir? I pray you read 'em to your self; it is for a Wager between these Gentlemen; and with a stroke, or any difference, mark which you approve best.

Tro. They may be both worshipful Names for ought I know, Mistress; but *Adam Overdo* had been worth three of 'em, I assure you, in this place, that's in plain English.

Gra. This Man amazes me! I pray you like one of 'em, Sir.

Tro. I do like him there, that has the best Warrant, Mistress, to save your Longing, and (multiply him) it may be this. But I am still for Justice *Overdo*, that's my Conscience, and quit you.

Win-w. Is't done, Lady?

Gra. I, and strangely, as ever I saw! What Fellow is this, trow?

Quar. No matter what, a Fortune-teller we ha' made him; which is't, which is't?

Gra. Nay, did you not promise not to enquire?

Quar. 'Slid, I forgot that, pray you pardon me. Look, here's our *Mercury* come; the Licence arrives i' the finest time too! 'Tis but scraping out *Cokes* his Name, and 'tis done.

Win-w. How now, Lime-twig, hast thou touch'd?

Edg. Not yet, Sir; except you would go with me and see't, it's not worth speaking on. The Act is nothing without a Witness. Yonder he is, your Man with the Box, fallen into the finest Company, and so transported with Vapours; they ha' got in a Northern Clothier, and one *Puppy*, a Western Man, that's come to wrestle before my Lord-Mayor anon, and Captain *Whit*, and one *Val Cutting*, that helps Captain *Jordan* to roar, a circling Boy; with whom your *Numps* is so taken, that you may strip him of his Clothes, if you will. I'll undertake to geld him for you, if you had but a Surgeon ready to fear him. And Mistress *Justice* there is the goodest Woman! she does so love 'em all over in terms of Justice and the Style of Authority; with her Hood upright—that I beseech you come away, Gentlemen, and see't.

Quar. 'Slight, I would not lose it for the Fair; what'll you do, Ned?

Win-w.

Win-w. Why, stay hereabout for you: Mistress *Wel-born* must not be seen.

Quar. Do so, and find out a Priest i' the mean time; I'll bring the Licence. Lead, which way is't.

Edg. Here, Sir, you are o' the back-side o' the Booth already; you may hear the Noise.

SCENE IV.

Knockbūm, Norderm, Puppy, Cutting, Whit, Edgworth, Quarlous, Overdo, Wasp, Bristle.

Kno. *Whit*, bid *Val Cutting* continue the Vapours for a list, *Whit*, for a list.

Nor. I'll ne mare, I'll ne mare; the Eale's too meeghty.

Kno. How now! my *Galloway Nag* the Staggers! ha!
Whit, gi' him a Slit i' the Forehead. Chear up, Man; a Needle and Thread to stich his Ears. I'd cure him now, an I had it, with a little Butter and Garlick, Long Pepper and Grains. Where's my Horn? I'll give him Mash presently, shall take away this Dizziness.

Pup. Why, where are yous Zurs? Do you vlinch, and leave us i' the Zuds now?

Nor. I'll ne mare, I'is e'en as vull as a Paiper's Bag, by my troth, I.

Pup. Do my Northerd Cloth zhrink i' the wetting? ha?

Kno. Why, well said, old Flea-bitten; thou'lt never tire I see. *[They fall to their Vapours again.]*

Cut. No, Sir, but he may tire if it please him.

Whi. Who told dee sho? that he vuld never teer, Man?

Cut. No matter who told him so, so long as he knows.

Kno. Nay, I know nothing, Sir, pardon me there.

Edg. They are at it still, Sir; this they call Vapours.

Whi. He shall not pardon dee, Captain; dou shalt not be pardon'd. Pre'dee, shweet-heart, do not pardon him.

Cut. 'Slight, I'll pardon him, an' I list, whosoever says nay to't.

Quar. Where's *Numps*? I miss him.

[Here they continue their Game of Vapours, which is Nonsense. Every Man to oppose the last Man that spoke, whether it concern'd him or no.]

Wasp.

Wasp. Why, I say nay to't.

Quar. O, there he is.

Kno. To what do you say nay, Sir?

Wasp. To any thing, whatsoever it is, so long as I do not like it.

Whi. Pardon me, little Man, dou musht like it a little.

Cut. No, he must not like it at all, Sir; there you are i' the wrong.

Whi. I tink I be; he musht not like it indeed.

Cut Nay, Then he both must and will like it, Sir, for all you.

Kno. If he have Reason, he may like it, Sir.

Whi. By no meansh Captain, upon reason, he may like nothing upon reason.

Wasp. I have no reason, nor I will hear of no reason, nor I will look for no reason, and he is an Afs that either knows any, or looks for't from me.

Cut. Yes, in some sence you may have reason, Sir.

Wasp I, in some sence, I care not if I grant you.

Whi. Pardon me, thou ought to grant him nothing in no shensh, if dou do love dy shelf, angry Man.

Wasp. Why then, I do grant him nothing; and I have no Sence.

Cut. 'Tis true, thou hast no Sence indeed.

Wasp. 'Slid, but I have Sence, now I think on't better, and I will grant him any thing, do you see.

Kno. He is i' the right, and do's utter a sufficient Vapour.

Cut. Nay, it is no sufficient Vapour neither, I deny that.

Kno. Then it is a sweet Vapour.

Cut. It may be a sweet Vapour.

Wasp. Nay, it is no sweet Vapour neither, Sir, it stinks, and I'll stand to't.

Whi. Yes, I tink it dosh stink, Captain. All Vapour dosh stink.

Wasp. Nay, then it does not stink, Sir, and it shall not stink.

Cut. By your leave, it may, Sir.

Wasp. I, by my leave it may stink, I know that:

Whi.

Whi. Pardon me, thou knowesht nothing, it cannot by thy leave, angry Man.

Wasp. How can it not?

Kno. Nay, never question him, for he is i' the right.

Whi. Yesh, I am i' de right, I confesh it, so ish de little Man too.

Wasp. I'll have nothing confest that concerns me. I am not i' the right, nor never was i' the right, nor never will be i' the right, while I am in my right mind.

Cut. Mind? why, here's no Man minds you, Sir, nor any thing else. *[They drink again.]*

Pup. Vriend, will you mind this that we do?

Qua. Call you this Vapours? this is such belching of Quarrel as I never heard. Will you mind your business, Sir?

Edg. You shall see, Sir.

Nor. I'll ne maire, my waimb warkes too mickle with this auready.

Edg. Will you take that, Mr. *Wasp*, that no body should mind you?

Wasp. Why? what ha' you to do? is't any matter to you?

Edg. No, but methinks you should not be unminded, though.

Wasp. Nor I wu' not be, now I think on't; do you hear, new Acquaintance? do's no Man mind me, say you?

Cut. Yes, Sir, every Man here minds you, but how?

Wasp. I care as little how as you do; that was not my question.

Whi. No, noting was ty question, tou art a learned Man, and I am a valiant Man, i' faith la, tou shalt speak for me, and I vill fight for tee.

Kno. Fight for him, *Whit*? A gross Vapour, he can fight for himself.

Wasp. It may be I can, but it may be I wu' not, how then?

Cut. Why then you may chuse.

Wasp. Why, and I'll chuse whether I'll chuse or no.

Kno. I think you may, and 'tis true; and I allow it for a resolute Vapour.

Wasp.

Wasp. Nay then, I do think you do not think, and it is no resolute Vapour.

Cut. Yes, in some sort he may allow you.

Kno. In no sort, Sir, pardon me, I can allow him nothing. You mistake the Vapour.

Wasp. He mistakes nothing, Sir, in no sort.

Whi. Yes I pre dee now, let him mistake.

Wasp. A turd i' your Teeth, never pre dee me, for I will have nothing mistaken.

Kno. Turd, ha Turd? a noisom Vapour, strike,
Whit. [They fall by the Ears.]

Ove. Why Gentlemen, why Gentlemen, I charge you upon my Authority, conserve the Peace. In the King's name, and my Husband's, put up your Weapons, I shall be driven to commit you my self, else.

Qua. Ha, ha, ha.

Wasp. Why do you laugh, Sir?

Qua. Sir, you'll allow me my Christian liberty. I may laugh, I hope.

Cut. In some sort you may, and in some sort you may not, Sir.

Kno. Nay in some sort, Sir, he may neither laugh nor hope in this Company.

Wasp. Yes, then he may both laugh and hope in any sort, an't please him.

Qua. Faith, and I will then, for it doth please me exceedingly.

Wasp. No exceeding neither, Sir.

Kno. No, that Vapour is too lofty.

Qua. Gentlemen, I do not play well at your Game of Vapours, I am not very good at it, but ———

Cut. Do you hear, Sir? I would speak with you in Circle. [He draws a Circle on the Ground.]

Qua. In Circle, Sir, what would you with me in Circle?

Cut. Can you lend me a Piece, a *Jacobus*, in Circle?

Qua. 'Slid, your Circle will prove more costly than your Vapours, then. Sir, no, I lend you none.

Cut. Your Beard's not well turn'd up, Sir.

Qua. How Raskal? are you playing with my Beard? I'll break Circle with you. [They draw all, and fight.]

Pup.

Pup. Nor. Gentlemen, Gentlemen!

Kno. Gather up, *Whit*, gather up, *Whit*, good Vapours.

Over. What mean you? are you Rebels, Gentlemen? shall I send out a *Serjeant at Arms*, or a Writ o' Rebellion, against you? I'll commit you upon my Womanhood, for a Riot, upon my Justice-hood, if you persist.

Wasp. Upon your Justice-hood? Marry shite o' your Hood: You'll commit? Spoke like a true Justice of Peace's Wife indeed, and a fine female Lawyer! turd ist your Teeth for a fee, now.

Over. Why *Numps*, in Master *Overdo's* Name, I charge you.

Wasp. Good Mistress *Underdo*, hold your Tongue.

Over. Alas! poor *Numps*.

Wasp. Alas! and why alas from you, I beseech you? or why poor *Numps*, goody *Rich*? am I come to be pitted by your tuft *Taffata* now? Why Mistress, I knew *Adam* the Clerk, your Husband, when he was *Adam* Scrivener, and writ for two Pence a Sheet, as high as he bears his Head now, or you your Hood, Dame. What are you, Sir?

[*The Watch comes in.*]

Bri. We be Men, and no Infidels; what is the matter here, and the Noises? can you tell?

Wasp. Heart, what ha' you to do? cannot a Man quarrel in quietness, but he must be put out on't by you? What are you?

Bri. Why, we be his Majesty's watch, Sir.

Wasp. Watch? 'Sblood, you are a sweet Watch indeed. A body would think, an you watch'd well a-nights, you should be contented to sleep at this time a day. Get you to your Fleas and your Flock-beds, you Rogues, your kennels, and lye down close.

Bri. Down? yes, we will down, I warrant you, down with him in his Majesty's Name, down, down with him, and carry him away to the Pidgeon-holes.

Over. I thank you, honest Friends, in the behalfo' the Crown, and the Peace, and in Master *Overdo's* name, for suppressing Enormities.

Whi. Stay, *Bristle*, here ish anoder brash o' Drunkards, but very quiet, special Drunkards, will pay de five Shillings very well. Take 'em to de, in de graish o' God:

God : one of hem do's change Cloth for Ale in the *Fair*, here; te toder ish a strong Man, a mighty Man, my Lord Mayor's Man, and a Wrafler. He has wraflled so long with the Bottle here, that the Man with the Beard hath almosht streekt up his heels.

Bri. 'Slid, the Clerk o' the Market has been to cry him all the *Fair* over here, for my Lord's service.

Whi. Tere he ish, pre de taik him hensch, and make ty best on him. How now Woman o' Shilk, vat ailsh ty shweet faish ? art tou melancholy ?

Over. A little distemper'd with these Enormities ; shall I entreat a Courtesie of you, Captain ?

Whi. Intreat a hundred Velvet Voman, I vill do it, shpeak out.

Over. I cannot with Modesty speak it out, but——

Whi. I vill do it, and more, and more, for de. What *Ursla*, and't be Bitch, and't be Baud an't be !

Urf. How now Raskal ? what roar you for, old Pimp ?

Whi. Here, put up de Clokes *Ursh* ; de purchase ; pre de now, shweet *Ursh*, help dis good brave Voman to a *Jordan*, and't be.

Urf. 'Slid call your Captain *Jordan* to her, can you not ?

Whi. Nay, pre de leave dy consheits, and bring the Velvet Woman to de——

Urf. I bring her ! hang her : heart, must I find a common Pot for every Punk i' your Purlews ?

Whi. O good voordsh, *Ursh*, it ish a guest o' Velvet, i' fait la.

Urf. Let her fell her Hood, and buy a Sponge, with a Pox to her, my Vessel is employed, Sir, I have but one, and 'tis the bottom of an old Bottle. An honest Proctor and his Wife are at it within, if she'll stay her time, so.

Whi. As soon ash tou cansht shweet *Ursh*. Of a valiant Man I tink I am te patientsh Man i' the World, or in all *Smithfield*.

Kno. How now *Whit* ? close Vapours, stealing your leaps ? covering in corners, ha ?

Whi. No fait, Captain, dough tou beesht a vishe Man,

Man, dy vit is a mile hence, now. I vas procuring a shmall courtesie for a Woman of fashon here.

Over. Yes, Captain, though I am Justice of Peace's Wife, I do love Men of War, and the Sons of the Sword, when they come before my Husband.

Kno. Say't thou so, Filly? thou shalt have a leap presently, I'll horse thee my self, else.

Urs. Come, will you bring her in now? and let her take her turn?

Whi. Gramercy, good *Urs*, I tank de.

Over. Master *Overdo* shall thank her.

SCENE V.

John, Win, Ursula, Knockbum, Whit, Overdo, Alice.

John. Good Ga'mere *Urs*. *Win* and I are exceedingly beholden to you, and to Captain *Jordan*, and Captain *Whit*. *Win*, I'll be bold to leave you, i' this good Company, *Win*; for half an hour or so, *Win*; while I go, and see how my matter goes forward, and if the Puppets be perfect; and then I'll come and fetch you, *Win*.

Win. Will you leave me alone with two Men, *John*?

Job. I, they are honest Gentlemen, *Win*, Captain *Jordan* and Captain *Whit*; they'll use you very civilly,

Win. God b' w' you, *Win*.

Urs. What's her Husband gone?

Kno. On his false gallop, *Urs*, away.

Urs. An' you be right *Bartholomew*-birds, now shew your selves so: we are undone for want of Fowl i' the Fair, here. Here will be *Zekiel Edgeworth*, and three or four Gallants with him at night, and I ha' neither Plover nor Quail for 'em: Perswade this between you two, to become a Bird o' the Game, while I work the Velvet Woman within, (as you call her.)

Kno. I conceive thee, *Urs*! go thy ways. Dost thou hear, *Whit*? is't not pity, my delicate, dark chestnut here, with the fine lean Head, large Forehead, round Eyes, even Mouth, sharp ears, long Neck, thin Crest, close Withers, plain Black, deep Sides, short Fillets, and full Flanks; with a round Belly, a plump Buttock, large Thighs, knit Knees, strait Legs, short Pasterns, smooth Hoofs

Hoofs, and short Heels, should lead a dull honest Woman's Life, that might live the life of a Lady?

Whi. Yes by my fait and trot it is, Captain; de honest Woman's life is a scurvy dull life indeed, la.

Win. How, Sir? is an honest Woman's life a scurvy life?

Whi. Yes, fait, shweet heart, believe him, de leef of a Bond-woman! but if dou vilt hearken to me, I will make make tee a Free-woman and a Lady, dou shalt live like a Lady, as te Captain faish.

Kno. I, and be honest too sometimes; have her Wiers and her Tiers, her green Gowns and Velvet Petticoats.

Whi. I, and ride to *Ware* and *Rumford* i' dy Coash, shée de Players, be in love vit 'em; sup vit gallantsh, be drunk, and cost de noting.

Kno. Brave Vapours!

Whi. And lie by twenty on 'em, if dou pleash, shweet heart.

Win. What, and be honest still? that were fine sport.

Whi. Tish common, shweet heart, tou may't do it by my Hand: it shall be justified to thy Husband's Faish, now: tou shalt be as honest as the Skin between his Hornsh, la!

Kno. Yes, and wear a Dressing, top and top-gallant to compare with e'er a Husband on 'em all, for a Fore-top: It is the Vapour of Spirit in the Wife to cuckold now-a-days, as it is the Vapour of fashion in the Husband not to suspect. Your prying Cat-eyed Citizen is an abominable Vapour.

Win. Lord, what a Fool have I been!

Whi. Mend then, and do every ting like a Lady hereafter; never know ty Husband from another Man.

Kno. Nor any one Man from another, but i' the dark.

Whi. I, and then it ish no dishgrash to know any Man.

Urf. Help, help here.

Kno. How now? what Vapour's there?

Urf. O, you are a sweet *Ranger*! and look well to your Walks. Yonder is your Punk of *Turnbull*, ram-ping *Alice*, has saln upon the poor Gentlewoman within, and

and pull'd her Hood over her Ears, and her Hair through it.

Alice enters, beating the Justice's Wife.

Over. Help, help, i' the King's Name.

Ali. A mischief on you, they are such as you are that undo us, and take our Trade from us, with your Tuft-taffara Haunches.

Kno. How now, *Alice*!

Ali. The poor common Whores can ha' no Traffick for the privy rich ones; your Caps and Hoods of Velvet call away our Customers, and lick the Fat from us.

Urf. Peace, you foul ramping Jade you——

Ali. Od's foot, you Bawd in greace, are you talking?

Kno. Why, *Alice*, I say.

Ali. Thou Sow o' *Smithfield*, thou.

Urf. Thou Tripe of *Turnbull*.

Kno. Cat-a-mountain Vapours, ha!

Urf. You know where you were taw'd lately, both lash'd and flash'd you were in *Bridewell*.

Ali. I, by the same token you rid that Week, and broke out the bottom o' the Cart, Night-tub.

Kno. Why, Lion-face! ha! do you know who I am? shall I tear Ruff, slit Waistcoat, make Rags of Petticoat? ha, go to, vanish for fear of Vapours. *Whit*, a kick, in the parting Vapour. Come, brave Woman, take a good Heart, thou shalt be a Lady too.

Whi. Yes fait, dey shall all both be Ladies, and write Madam. I vill do't my self for dem. *Do* is the vord, and *D* is the middle Letter of *Maddam*, *D D*, put 'em together, and make Deeds, without which all words are alike, la.

Kno. 'Tis true, *Ursla*, take 'em in, open thy Wardrobe, and fit 'em to their calling. Green Gowns, Crimson Petticoats, Green Women! my Lord Mayor's Green Women! Guests o' the Game, true bred. I'll provide you a Coach to take the Air in.

Win. But do you think you can get one?

Kno. O, they are as common as Wheelbarrows, where there are great Dunghills. Every Pettifogger's Wife has 'em; for first he buys a Coach that he may marry, and then he marries that he may be made Cuc-kold

kold in't : For if their Wives ride not to their Cuckold-
ing, they do 'em no credit. Hide and be hidden, ride
and be ridden, says the Vapour of Experience.

S C E N E VI.

*Trouble-all, Knockhum, Whit, Quarlous, Edgworth,
Bristle, Waspe, Haggise, Justice, Busy, Pure-craft.*

Tro. By what Warrant do's it say so?

Kno. Ha ! mad Child o' the *Pye-pouldres*, art thou
there ? fill us a fresh Kan, *Urs*, we may drink toge-
ther.

Tro. I may not drink without a Warrant, Captain.

Kno. 'Slood, thou'lt not stale without a Warrant
shortly. *Whit*, give me Pen, Ink and Paper, I'll draw
him a Warrant presently.

Tro. It must be Justice *Overdo's*.

Kno. I know, Man ; fetch the Drink, *Whit*.

Whi. I pre dee now, be very brief, Captain ; for de
new Ladies stay for dee.

Kno. O, as brief as can be, here 'tis already. *Adam
Overdo.*

Tro. Why now I'll pledge you, Captain.

Kno. Drink it off, I'll come to thee anon again.

Qua. Well, Sir, you are now discharg'd ; beware of
being spy'd hereafter. [*Quarlous to the Cut purse.*]

Edg. Sir, will it please you, enter here in at *Ursla's*,
and take part of a Silken Gown, a Velvet Petticoat, or
a wrought Smock ; I am promis'd such, and I can spare
any Gentleman a moiety.

Qua. Keep it for your Companions in beastliness, I
am none of 'em, Sir. If I had not already forgiven you
a greater trespass, or thought you yet worth my beating,
I would instruct your manners, to whom you made your
offers. But go your ways, talk not to me, the Hangman
is only fit to discourse with you ; the hand of Beadle is
too merciful a punishment for your Trade of life. I am
sorry I employ'd this Fellow, for he thinks me such ;
Facinus quos inquinat, æquat. But it was for sport ;
and would I make it serious, the getting of this License
is nothing to me, without other Circumstances concur.
I do think how impertinently I labour, if the word
be

be not mine that the ragged Fellow mark'd; and what advantage I have given *Ned Win-wife* in this time now of working her, though it be mine. He'll go near to form to her what a debauch'd Raskal I am, and fright her out of all good conceit of me: I should do so by him, I am sure, if I had the opportunity. But my hope is in her temper yet; and it must needs be next to despair, that is grounded on any part of a Woman's discretion. I would give, by my troth now, all I could spare (to my Cloaths and my Sword) to meet my tatter'd *Soothsayer* again, who was my judge i' the question, to know certainly whose word he has damn'd or sav'd; for till then I live but under a *Reprieve*. I must seek him. Who be these?

[Enter Wasp with the Officers.

Wasp. Sir, you are a welsh Cuckold, and a prating Runt, and no Constable.

Bri. You say very well. Come put in his Leg in the middle Roundel, and let him hole there.

Wasp. You stink of Leeks, *Matheglyn*, and Cheese, you Rogue.

Bri. Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the Stocks in the mean time? If you have a mind to stink too, your Breeches fit close enough to your Bum. Sit you merry, Sir.

Qua. How now, *Numps*?

Wasp. It is no matter how; pray you look off.

Qua. Nay, I'll not offend you, *Numps*; I thought you had sat there to be seen.

Wasp. And to be sold, did you not? pray you mind your business, an' you have any.

Qua. Cry you mercy, *Numps*; do's your Leg lie high enough?

Bri. How now, Neighbour *Haggise*, what says Justice *Overdo's* Worship to the other offenders?

Hag. Why he says just nothing, what should he say, or where should he say? He is not to be found, Man; he ha' not been seen i' the *Fair* here all this live-long day, never since seven a Clock i' the Morning. His Clerks know not what to think on't. There is no Court of *Pie-pouldres* yet. Here they be return'd.

Bri.

Bri. What shall be done with 'em then, in your discretion?

Hag. I think we were best put 'em in the Stocks in discretion (there they will be safe in discretion) for the valour of an hour, or such a thing, till his Worship come.

Bri. It is but a hole matter if we do, Neighbour *Haggise*; come, Sir, here is company for you; heave up the Stocks.

[*As they open the Stocks, Wasp puts his Shoe on his Hand, and slips it in for his Leg.*]

Wasp. I shall put a trick upon your welsh diligence perhaps.

Bri. Put in your Leg, Sir.

Qua. What, *Rabby Busy*? is he come?

[*They bring Busy, and put him in.*]

Bus. I do obey thee, the Lion may roar, but he cannot bite. I am glad to be thus separated from the *Heathen* of the Land, and put a-part in the Stocks for the Holy Cause.

Wasp. What are you, Sir?

Bus. One that rejoyceth in his Affliction, and siteth here to prophesie the Destruction of *Fairs* and *May-games*, *Wakes*, and *Whitson-Ales*, and doth sigh and groan for the Reformation of these Abuses.

Wasp. And do you sigh and groan too, or rejoyce in your Affliction?

Jus. I do not feel it, I do not think of it, it is a thing without me: *Adam*, thou art above these Battries, these Contumelies. *In te manca ruit fortuna*, as thy Friend, *Horace* says; thou art one; *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent*. And therefore as another Friend of thine says, (I think it be thy Friend *Perfius*) *Non te quæsi veris extra*.

Qua. What's here! a Stoick i' the Stocks? The Fool is turn'd *Philosopher*.

Bus. Friend, I will leave to communicate my Spirit with you, if I hear any more of those superstitious Relicks, those Lists of *Latin*, the very Rags of *Rome*, and Patches of *Popery*.

Wasp. Nay, an' you begin to quarrel, Gentlemen, I'll leave you. I ha' paid for quarrelling too lately:
Look

Look you, a Device, but shifting in a Hand for a Foot.
God b'w'you. [He goes out.]

Buf. Wilt thou then leave thy Brethren in Tribulation?

Wasp. For this once, Sir.

Buf. Thou art a halting *Neutral*; stay him there, stop him, that will not endure the Heat of Persecution.

Bri. How now, what's the matter?

Buf. He is fled, he is fled, and dares not sit it out.

Bri. What, has he made an Escape, which way? Follow, Neighbour *Haggise*.

Pur. O me! in the Stocks? Have the Wicked prevail'd?

Buf. Peace, religious Sister, it is my Calling, comfort your self; an extraordinary Calling, and done for my better standing, my surer standing, hereafter.

Tro. By whose Warrant, by whose Warrant, this?

[The Mad-man enters.]

Qua. O, here's my Man dropt in I look'd for

Just. Ha!

Pur. O good Sir, they have set the Faithful here to be wonder'd at; and provided Holes for the Holy of the Land.

Tro. Had they Warrant for it? shew'd they *Justice Overdo's* Hand? If they had no Warrant, they shall answer it.

Bri. Sure you did not lock the Stocks sufficiently, Neighbour *Toby*!

Hag. No! see if you can lock 'em better.

Bri. They are very sufficiently lock'd, and truly, yet something is the matter.

Tro. True, your Warrant is the matter that is in Question; by what Warrant?

Bri. Mad-man, hold your Peace, I will put you in his Room else, in the very same Hole, do you see?

Qua. How! is he a Mad-man!

Tro. Shew me *Justice Overdo's* Warrant, I obey you.

Hag. You are a mad Fool, hold your Tongue.

Tro. In *Justice Overdo's* Name, I drink to you, and here's my Warrant. [Shews his Can.]

Just. Alas, poor Wretch! how it earns my Heart for him! *Qua.*

Qua. If he be mad, it is in vain to question him. I'll try though. Friend, there was a Gentlewoman shew'd you two Names some Hours, *Argalus* and *Palemon*, to mark in a Book, which of 'em was it you mark'd?

Tro. I mark no Name, but *Adam Overdo*, that is the Name of Names, he only is the sufficient Magistrate; and that Name I reverence, shew it me.

Qua. This Fellow's mad indeed: I am further off now than afore.

Just. I shall not breath in Peace 'till I have made him some Amends.

Qua. Well, I will make another Use of him, is come in my Head: I have a Nest of Beards in my Trunk, one something like his.

Bri. This mad Fool has made me that I know not whether I have lock'd the Stocks or no; I think I lock'd 'em.

[*The Watch-men come back again. The Mad-man fights with 'em, and they leave open the Stocks.*]

Tro. Take *Adam Overdo* in your Mind, and fear nothing.

Bri. 'Slid, Madnefs it self, hold thy Peace, and take that.

Tro. Strikest thou without a Warrant? Take thou that.

Bus. We are delivered by Miracle; Fellow in Fetters, let us not refuse the means; this Madnefs was of the Spirit: The Malice of the Enemy hath mock'd it self.

Pur. Mad do they call him! the World is mad in Error, but he is mad in Truth: I love him o' the sudden (the cunning Man said all true) and shall love him more and more. How well it becomes a Man to be mad in Truth! O, that I might be his Yoke-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many should we draw to Madnefs in Truth with us!

Bri. How now! all 'scap'd? where's the *Woman*? it is Witchcraft! Her Velvet Hat is a Witch, o' my Conscience, or my Key! t'one. The Mad-man was a Devil, and I am an As; so blefs me, my Place, and mine Office.

[*The Watch missing them, are affrighted.*]

A C T



ACT V. SCENE I.

Lanthorn, Filcher, Sharkwel.

Lan. WELL, Luck and Saint *Bartholomew* ; out with the Sign of our Invention, in the Name of *Wit*, and do you beat the Drum the while ; all the Fowl i' the *Fair*, I mean all the Dirt in *Smithfield*, (that's one of Master *Little-wit's Carwhitchet's* now) will be thrown at our Banner to day, if the matter do's not please the People. O the Motions that I *Lanthorn Leather-head* have given Light to, i' my Time, since my Master * *Pod* died ! *Jerusalem* was a stately Thing, and so was *Ninve*, and the City of *Norwich*, and *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah* ; with the rising o' the Prentices, and pulling down the Bawdy-houses there upon *Shrove-Tuesday* ; but the *Gun-powder-Plot*, there was a Get-penny ! I have presented that to an Eighteen or Twenty Pence Audience, Nine times in an Afternoon. Your home-born Projects prove ever the best, they are so easie and familiar ; they put too much Learning i' their things now o' days : And that I fear will be the Spoil o' this. *Little-wit* ? I say, *Mickle-wit* ! if not too mickle ! Look to your Gathering there, Goodman *Filcher*.

Fil. I warrant you, Sir.

Lan. An there come any Gentlefolks, take Two-pence a-piece, *Sharkwel*.

Sba. I warrant you, Sir, Three-pence an' we can.

SCENE II.

Justice, Win-wife, Grace, Quarlous, Pure-craft.

The Justice comes in like a Porter.

Just. This latter Disguise, I have borrow'd of a Porter, shall carry me out to all my great and good Ends ; which however interrupted, were never destroyed in me : Neither is the Hour of my Severity yet come to reveal my self, wherein, Cloud-like, I will break out in Rain and Hail, Lightning and Thunder, upon the Head of

* *Pod* was a Master of Motions before him.

E

Enormity.

Enormity. Two main Works I have to prosecute: First, one is to invent some Satisfaction for the poor kind Wretch, who is out of his Wits for my sake, and yonder I see him coming, I will walk aside, and project for it.

Win. I wonder where *Tom Quarlous* is, that he returns not, it may be he is struck in here to seek us.

Gra. See, here's our Mad-man again.

Qua. I have made my self as like him, as his Gown and Cap will give me Leave.

[*Quarlous in the Habit of the Mad-man is mistaken by Mrs. Pure-craft.*]

Pur. Sir, I love you, and would be glad to be mad with you in truth.

Win-w. How! my Widow in Love with a Mad-man?

Pur. Verily, I can be as mad in Spirit as you.

Qua. By whose Warrant? leave your Canting, Gentlewoman, have I found you? (save ye, quit ye, and multiply ye) where's your Book? 'twas a sufficient Name I mark'd, let me see't, be not afraid to shew't me.

[*He desires to see the Book of Mistress Grace.*]

Gra. What would you with it, Sir?

Quar. Mark it again and again at your Service.

Gra. Here it is, Sir, this was it you mark'd.

Qua. *Palemon*? Fare you well, fare you well.

Win-w. How, *Palemon*?

Gra. Yes faith, he has discover'd it to you now, and therefore 'twere vain to disguise it longer, I am yours, Sir, by the Benefit of your Fortune.

Win-w. And you have him, Mistress, believe it, that shall never give you Cause to repent her Benefit, but make you rather to think, that in this Choice she had both her Eyes.

Gra. I desire to put it to no Danger of Protestation.

Qua. *Palemon* the Word, and *Win-wife* the Man?

Pur. Good Sir, vouchsafe a Yoke-fellow in your Madness, shun not one of the sanctified Sisters, that would draw with you in truth.

Qua. Away, you are a Herd of hypocritical proud Ignorants, rather wild than mad; Fitter for Woods, and the Society of Beasts, than Houses, and the Congregation of Men. You are the Second Part of the Society of *Canters*, Out-laws to Order and Discipline, and the only privileged

vileg'd Church-Robbers of Christendom. Let me alone, Palemon the Word, and Win-wife the Man?

Pur. I must uncover my self unto him, or I shall never enjoy him, for all the *Cunning Mens Promises*. Good Sir, hear me, I am worth Six Thousand Pound, my Love to you is become my Rack. I'll tell you all and the Truth, since you hate the Hypocritie of the party-colour'd Brotherhood. These Seven Years I have been a wilful holy Widow, only to draw Feasts and Gifts from my intangled Suitors: I am also by Office an assisting *Sister* of the *Deacons*, and a Devourer, instead of a Distributer of the Alms. I am a special Maker of Marriages for our decayed *Brethren*, with our rich *Widows*, for a third part of their Wealth, when they are married, for the Relief of the poor *Elect*: As also our poor handsome young Virgins, with our wealthy Batchelors, or Widowers; to make them steal from their Husbands, when I have confirmed them in the Faith, and got all put into their Custodies. And if I ha' not my Bargain, they may sooner turn a scolding Drab into a silent *Minister*, than make me leave pronouncing *Reprobation* and *Damnation* unto them. Our Elder, *Zeal-of-the-land*, would have had me, but I know him to be the Capital Knave of the Land, making himself rich, by being made a *Foffee* in trust to deceased *Brethren*, and coz'ning their *Heirs*, by swearing the absolute Gift of their Inheritance. And thus having eas'd my Conscience, and utter'd my Heart with the Tongue of my Love: Enjoy all my Deceits together, I beseech you. I should not have revealed this to you, but that in time I think you are mad, and I hope you'll think me so too, Sir?

Quar. Stand aside, I'll answer you presently. [*He considers with himself of it.*] Why should not I marry this Six Thousand Pound, now I think on't? and a good Trade too that she has beside, ha? The t'other Wench *Win-wife* is sure of; there's no Expectation for me there! Here I may make my self some Saver yet, if he continue mad, there's the Question. It is Mony that I want, why should not I marry the Mony when 'tis offer'd me? I have a *Licence* and all, it is but razing out one Name, and putting in another. There's no playing with a Man's Fortune! I am resolv'd; I were truly mad an' I would

not ! Well, come your ways, follow me, an' you will be mad, I'll shew you a Warrant !

[He takes her along with him.

Pur. Most zealously, it is that I zealously desire.

Jus. Sir, let me speak with you. [The Justice calls

Quar. By whose Warrant ? [him.

Jus. The Warrant that you tender, and respect so ; Justice *Overdo's* ! I am the Man, Friend *Trouble-all*, tho' thus disguis'd (as the careful *Magistrate* ought) for the good of the Republick in the *Fair*, and the weeding out of Enormity. Do you want a House ; or Meat, or Drink, or Clothes ? Speak whatsoever it is, it shall be supplied you ; what want you ?

Qua. Nothing but your *Warrant*.

Jus. My *Warrant* ? for what ?

Qua. To be gone, Sir.

Jus. Nay, I pray thee stay, I am serious, and have not many words, nor much time to exchange with thee. Think what may do thee good.

Qua. Your Hand and Seal will do me a great deal of good ; nothing else in the whole *Fair* that I know.

Jus. If it were to any end, thou should'st have it willingly.

Qua. Why, it will satisfie me, that's end enough to look on ; an' you will not gi' it me, let me go.

Jus. Alas ! thou shalt ha' it presently ; I'll but step into the Scriveners here by, and bring it. Do not go away. [The Justice goes out.

Qua. Why, this mad Man's shape will prove a very fortunate one, I think ! Can a ragged Robe produce these Effects ? if this be the wise Justice, and he bring me his hand, I shall go near to make some use on't. He is come already ! [And returns.

Jus. Look thee ! here is my Hand and Seal, *Adam Overdo* ; if there be any thing to be written above in that Paper that thou want'st now, or at any time hereafter, think on't, it is my Deed, I deliver it so ? can your Friend write ?

Qua. Her hand for a *Witness*, and all is well.

Jus. With all my heart. [He urgeth Mrs. Purecraft.

Qua. Why should not I ha' the Conscience to make this

this a Bond of a Thousand Pound now, or what I would else?

Jus. Look you, there it is, and I deliver it as my Deed again.

Qua. Let us now proceed in Madness.

[*He takes her in with him.*]

Jus. Well, my Conscience is much eas'd; I ha' done my part, though it doth him no good, yet *Adam* hath offer'd Satisfaction! The Sting is remov'd from hence! Poor man, he is much alter'd with his Affliction, it has brought him low! Now for my other work, reducing the young Man (I have follow'd so long in Love) from the Brink of his Bane to the Center of Safety. Here, or in some such like vain place, I shall be sure to find him. I will wait the good time.

SCENE III.

Cokes, Sharkwel, Justice, Filcher, John, Lanthorn.

Cok. How now? what's here to do, Friend? art thou the Master of the Monuments?

Sha. 'Tis a Motion, an't please your Worship.

Jus. My fantastical Brother-in-Law, Master *Bartholomew Cokes*!

Cok. A Motion, what's that? [*He reads the Bill.*]

The ancient modern History of *Hero* and *Leander*, otherwise called *The Touchstone of true Love*, with as true a Trial of Friendship between *Damon* and *Pythias*, two faithful Friends o' the *Bank side*? Pretty i' faith, what's the meaning on't? is't an *Enterlude*? or what is't?

Fil. Yes, Sir, please you come near, we'll take your Mony within.

Cok. Back with these Children; they do so follow me up and down. [*The Boys o' the Fair follow him.*]

Job. By your leave, Friend.

Fil. You must pay, Sir, an' you go in.

Job. Who, I? I perceive thou know'st not me; call the Master o' the Motion.

Sha. What, do you not know the Author, Fellow *Filcher*? You must take no Mony of him; he must come in gratis: Master *Little-wit* is a Voluntary; he is the Author.

Job. Peace, speak not too loud, I would not have any notice taken that I am the *Author*, till we see how it passes.

Cok. Master *Little-wit*, how dost thou?

Job. Master *Cokes*! you are exceeding well met: What, in your Doublet and Hose, without a Cloak or a Hat?

Cok. I would I might never stir, as I am an honest Man, and by that Fire; I have lost all i' the *Fair*, and all my Acquaintance too; didst thou meet any body that I know, Master *Little-wit*? my Man *Numps*, or my Sister *Over-do*, or Mistress *Grace*? Pray thee, Master *Little-wit*, lend me some Money to see the *Enterlude* here; I'll pay thee again, as I am a Gentleman. If thou'lt but carry me home, I have Money enough there.

Job. O, Sir, you shall command it; what, will a Crown serve you?

Cok. I think it will; what do we pay for coming in, Fellows?

Fil. Two Pence, Sir.

Cok. Two Pence? There's Twelve Pence, Friend: Nay, I am a *Gallant*, as simple as I look now; if you see me with my Man about me, and my *Artillery* again.

Job. Your Man was i' the Stocks e'en now, Sir.

Cok. Who, *Numps*?

Job. Yes faith.

Cok. For what i' faith? I am glad o' that; remember to tell me on't anon; I have enough now! What manner of matter is this, Mr. *Little-wit*? What kind of *Actors* ha' you? Are they good *Actors*?

Job. Pretty Youths, Sir, all Children both old and young; here's the Master of 'em —

(*Lan.* Call me not *Leatherhead*, but *Lanthorn*.)

[*Leatherhead* whispers to *Little-wit*.]

Job. Master *Lanthorn*, that gives light to the business.

Cok. In good time, Sir, I would fain see 'em, I would be glad drink with the young Company; which is the Tiring-house?

Lan. Troth, Sir, our Tiring house is somewhat little; we are but Beginners yet, pray pardon us; you cannot go pright in't.

Cok

Cok. No, not now my Hat is off? what would you have done with me, if you had had me Feather and all, as I was once to day? Ha' you none of your pretty impudent Boys now, to bring Stools, fill Tobacco, fetch Ale, and beg Mony, as they have at other Houses? let me see some o' your *Actors*.

Job. Shew him 'em, shew him 'em. Master *Lanthorn*, this is a Gentleman that is a Favourer of the Quality.

Jus. I, the favouring of this licentious Quality is the Consumption of many a young Gentleman; a pernicious Enormity.

Cok. What, do they live in Baskets?

[He brings them out in a Basket.]

Lan. They do lie in a Basket, Sir, they are o' the small *Players*?

Cok. These be *Players minors* indeed. Do you call these *Players*?

Lan. They are *Actors*, Sir, and as good as any, none disprais'd, for dumb Shows: Indeed I am the mouth of 'em all.

Cok. Thy mouth will hold 'em all. I think one *Taylor* would go near to beat all this Company, with a Hand bound behind him.

Job. I, and eat 'em all too, an' they were in Cake-bread.

Cok. I thank you for that, Master *Little-wit*, a good Jest! which is your *Burbage* now?

Lan. What mean you by that, Sir?

Cok. Your best *Actor*, your *Field*?

Job. Good i' faith! you are even with me, Sir.

Lan. This is he, that acts young *Leander*, Sir. He is extreemly belov'd of the Womenkind, they do so affect his Action, the green Gamesters, that come here, and this is lovely *Hero*; this with the beard, *Damon*; and this pretty *Pythias*: this is the Ghost of King *Dionysius* in the Habit of a *Scrivener*; as you shall see anon at large.

Cok. Well, they are a Civil Company, I like 'em for that; they offer not to fleece, nor jeer, nor break Jest, as the great *Players* do: And then, there goes not so much charge to the feasting of 'em, or making 'em drunk, as to the other, by reason of their Littleness. Do they use to play perfect? Are they never fluster'd?

Lan. No, Sir, I thank my Industry and Policy for it; they are as well govern'd a Company, though I say it — And here is young *Leander*, is as proper an *Astor*, of his Inches, and shakes his Head like an Hostler.

Cok. But do you play it according to the printed Book? I have read that.

Lan. By no means, Sir.

Cok. No? how then?

Lan. A better way, Sir, that is too learned and poetical for our Audience: What, do they know what *Hellepont* is? guilty of true Love's Blood? or what *Abidos* is? or the other *Sestos* height?

Cok. Th' art i' the right, I do not know my self.

Lan. No, I have entreated Master *Little-wit* to take a little pains to reduce it to a more familiar strain for our people.

Cok. How, I pray thee, good Master *Little-wit*?

Job. It pleases him to make a matter of it, Sir. But there is no such matter, I assure you: I have only made it a little easie, and *modern* for the Times, Sir, that's all. As for the *Hellepont*, I imagine our *Thames* here; and then *Leander* I make a Dyer's Son about *Puddle-Wharf*, and *Hero* a Wench o' the *Bank-side*, who going over one Morning to *Old Fishstreet*, *Leander* spies her land at *Trigs-Stairs*, and falls in Love with her. Now do I introduce *Cupid*, having *Metamorphos'd* himself into a Drawer, and he strikes *Hero* in love with a Pint of *Sherry*, and other pretty Passages there are o' the Friendship, that will delight you, Sir, and please you of Judgment.

Cok. I'll be sworn they shall: I am in Love with the *Astors* already, and I'll be allied to them presently. (They respect Gentlemen, these Fellows :) *Hero* shall be my Fairing: But which of my Fairings; (Le' me see) i' faith, my *Fiddle*! and *Leander* my *Fiddle-Stick*: Then *Damon* my *Drum*; and *Pythias* my *Pipe*, and the Ghost of *Dionysius* my *Hobby-horse*. All fitted.

SCENE IV.

To them *Win-wife*, *Grace*, *Knockhum*, *Whit*, *Edgworth*,

Win, *Mistress Overdo*. And to them *Waspe*.

Win-w. Look yonder's your *Cokes* gotten in among his

his Play-fellows; I thought we could not miss him at such a Spectacle.

Gra. Let him alone, he is so busie he will never spy us.

Lan. Nay, good Sir.

Cok. I warrant thee I will not hurt her, Fellow; what dost think me uncivil? I pray thee be not jealous; I am toward a Wife. [*Cokes is handling the Puppets.*]

Job. Well, good Master Lanthorn, make ready to begin, that I may fetch my Wife, and look you be perfect, you undo me else i' my Reputation.

Lan. I warrant you, Sir, do not you breed too great an Expectation of it among your Friends; that's the only Hurter of these things.

Job. No, no, no.

Cok. I'll stay here and see; pray thee let me see.

Win-w. How diligent and troublesome he is!

Gra. The Place becomes him, methinks.

Just. My Ward, Mistress Grace, in the Company of a Stranger? I doubt I shall be compell'd to discover my self before my Time.

Fil. Two-pence apiece, Gentlemen, an excellent Motion. [*The Door-keepers speak.*]

Kno. Shall we have fine Fire-works, and good Vapours?

Sha. Yes, Captain, and Water-works too.

Whi. I pree dee take a Care o' dy shmall Lady there;

Edgworth: I will look to dish tall Lady my self.

Lan. Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen.

Whi. Predee Mashter o' de *Monstertsh*, help a very sick Lady here to a Chair to shit in.

Lan. Presently, Sir.

Whi. Good fait now, *Ursla's* Ale and *Aqua-vitæ* ish to blame for't; Shit down, Shweet-heart, shit down and sleep a little. [*They bring Mistress Overdo a Chair.*]

Edg. Madam, you are very welcome hither.

Kno. Yes, and you shall see very good Vapours.

Just. Here is my Care come! I like to see him in so good Company; and yet I wonder that Persons of such Fashion should resort hither! [*By Edgworth.*]

Edg. There is a very private House, Madam.

[*The Cut-purse courts Mistress Little-wit.*]

Lan. Will it please your Ladyship fit, *Madam*?

Win. Yes, Goodman. They do so all to be *Madam* me. I think they think me a very Lady!

Edg. What else, *Madam*?

Win. Must I put off my Mask to him?

Edg. O, by no means.

Win. How should my Husband know me then?

Kno. Husband? an idle Vapour, he must not know you, nor you him; there's the true Vapour.

Just. Yea, I will observe more of this: Is this a Lady Friend?

Whi. I, and dat is anoder *Lady*, Shweet-heart; if dou hasht a mind to 'em, give me Twelve-pence from tee, and dou shalt have eder-oder on 'em.

Just. I? This will prove my chiefest Enormity: I will follow this.

Edg. Is not this a finer Life, *Lady*, than to be clogg'd with a Husband?

Win. Yes, a great deal. When will they begin, trow? in the Name o' the *Motion*?

Edg. By and by, *Madam*; they stay but for Company.

Knoc. Doyou hear, *Puppet-Master*, these are tedious Vapours; when begin you?

Lan. We stay but for Master *Little-wit*, the *Author*, who is gone for his Wife; and we begin presently.

Win. That's I, that's I.

Edg. That was you, *Lady*; but now you are no such poor thing.

Knoc. Hang the *Author's* Wife, a running Vapour! here be *Ladies* will stay for ne'er a *Delia* o' 'em all.

Whi. But hear me now, here ish one o' de *Ladish* a-shleep, stay till shee but vake, Man.

Wasp. How now, Friends? what's here to do?

Fil. Two-pence apiece, Sir, the best *Motion* in the Fair.

[*The Door-keepers* again.]

Wasp. I believe you lie; if you do, I'll have my Money again, and beat you.

Win. Numps is come!

Wasp. Did you see a Master of mine come in here, a tall young 'Squire of Harrow o' the Hill, Master *Bartholomew Cokes*?

Fil.

Fil. I think there be such a one within.

Wasp. Look he be, you were best: But it is very likely: I wonder I found him not at all the rest. I ha' been at the *Eagle*, and the *Black-wolf*, and the *Bull* with the Five Legs and Two Pizzles: (He was a Calf at *Uxbridge-Fair* Two Years ago: :) And at the *Dogs* that dance the *Morrice*, and the Hair o' the *Taber*; and mist him at all these! Sure this must needs be some fine Sight that holds him so, if it have him.

Cok. Come, come, are you ready now?

Lan. Presently, Sir.

Wasp. Hoyday, he's at Work in his Doublet and Hose; Do you hear, Sir? Are you imployed, that you are bare-headed and so busie?

Cok. Hold your Peace, *Numps*; you ha' been i' the Stocks, I hear.

Wasp. Does he know that? Nay, then the Date of my *Authority* is out; I must think no longer to reign, my Government is at an End. He that will correct another must want Fault himself.

Win-w. Sententious *Numps*! I never heard so much from him before.

Lan. Sure Master *Little-wit* will not come; please you take your Place, Sir; we'll begin.

Cok. I pray thee do, mine Ears long to be at it, and my Eyes too. O *Numps*, i' the Stocks, *Numps*? Where's your Sword, *Numps*?

Wasp. I pray you intend your Game, Sir, let me alone.

Cok. Well then, we are quit for all. Come, sit down, *Numps*; I'll interpret to thee: Did you see Mistress *Grace*? It's no matter neither, now I think on't, tell me anon.

Win-w. A great deal of Love and Care he expresses.

Gra. Alas! would you have him to express more than he has? that were Tyranny.

Cok. Peace, ho; now, now.

Lan. Gentiles, that no longer your Expectations may wander,

Behold our chief Actor, amorous Leander.

With

*With a great deal of Cloth, lapp'd about him like a Scarf,
For he yet serves his Father, a Dyer at Puddle-Wharf;
Which place we'll make bold with, to call it our Abidus,
As the Bank-side is our Seltos; and let it not be deny'd us.
Now as he beating, to make the Dye take the fuller,
Who chances to come by, but fair Hero in a Sculler;
And seeing Leander's naked Leg and goodly Calf,
Cast at him from the Boat a Sheep's Eye and an half.
Now she is landed, and the Sculler come back,
By and by you shall see what Leander doth lack.*

Pup. L. Cole, Cole, old Cole.

Lan. That is the Sculler's Name, without Controul.

Pup. L. Cole, Cole, I say, Cole.

Lan. We do hear you.

Pup. L. Old Cole.

Lan. Old Cole? Is the Dyer turn'd Collier? how do you sell?

Pup. L. A Pox o' your manners kifs my Hole here, and smell.

Lan. Kifs your Hole and smell? there's manners indeed!

Pup. L. Why, Cole, I say, Cole.

Lan. It's the Sculler you need.

Pup. L. I, and be hang'd.

Lan. Be hang'd; look you yonder.

Old Cole, you must go hang with Master Leander.

Pup. C. Where is he?

Pup. L. Here, Cole: What fairest of Fairs,
Was that Fare that thou landedst but now at Trigs-stairs?

Cok. What was that fellow? Pray thee tell me, I scarce understand 'em.

Lan. Leander do's ask, Sir, what fairest of Fairs,
Was the Fare he landed but now at Trigs-stairs?

Pup. C. It is lovely Hero.

Pup. L. Nero?

Pup. C. No, Hero.

Lan. It is Hero.

Of the Bank-side, he saith, to tell you truth without er-
ring,

Is come over into Fish-Street to eat some Fresh Herring.

Leander says no more, but as fast as he can,

Gets on all his best Cloths, and will after to the Swan.

Cok.

Cok. Most admirable good, is't not?

Lan. Stay, Sculler.

Pup. C. *What say you?*

Lan. *You must stay for Leander,
And carry him to the Wench.*

Pup. C. *You Rogue, I am no Pandar.*

Cok. He says he is no Pandar. 'Tis a fine Language;
I understand it now.

Lan. *Are you no Pander, Goodman Cole? Here's no
Man says you are :*

You'll grow a bot Cole, it seems, pray you stay for your Fare.*

Pup. C. *Will he come away?*

Lan. *What do you say?*

Pup. C. *I'd ha' him come away.*

Lan. *Would you ha' Leander come away? why, pray
Sir, stay.*

*You are angry, Goodman Cole; I believe the Fair Maid
Came over with you a' trust : tell us, Sculler, are you paid.*

Pup. C. *Yes, Goodman Hogrubber, o' Pickt-hatch.*

Lan. *How? Hogrubber o' Pickt-hatch.*

Pup. C. *I, Hogrubber o' Pickt-hatch. Take you that.*
[The Puppet strikes him over the Pate.

Lan. *O, my Head!*

Pup. C. *Harm watch, harm catch.*

Cok. Harm watch, harm catch. he says : Very good
i' faith, the Sculler had like to ha' knock'd you, Sirrah.

Lan. *Yes, but that his Fare call'd him away.*

Pup. L. *Row apace, row apace, row, row, row, row,
row.*

Lan. *You are knavishly loaden, Sculler, take heed where
you go.*

Pup. C. *Knave i' your Face, Goodman Rogue.*

Pup. L. *Row, row, row, row, row, row.*

Cok. He said, Knave i' your Face, Friend.

Lan. *I, Sir, I heard him. But there's no talking to
these Water-men, they will ha' the last word.*

Cok. God's my life! I am not allied to the Sculler
yet; he shall be Dauphin my Boy. But my Fiddle-itick
do's fiddle in and out too much: I pray thee speak to
him on't; tell him I would have him tarry in my fight
more.

Lan.

Lan. I pray you be content; you'll have enough on him, Sir.

Now, Gentiles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid, But that you have heard of a little God of Love call'd Cupid;

Who out of Kindness to Leander, hearing he but saw her, This present day and hour doth turn himself to a Drawer. And because he would have their first meeting to be merry, He strikes Hero in love to him with a Pint of Sherry; Which he tells from amorous Leander is sent her, Who after him into the Room of Hero doth venture.

[*Pup. Leander goes into Mistress Hero's Room.*]

Pup. Jo. A Pint of Sack; score a Pint of Sack i' the Conney.

Cok. Sack? you said but e'en now it should be Sherry.

Pup. Jo. Why so it is; Sherry, Sherry, Sherry.

Cok. Sherry, Sherry, Sherry. By my Troth he makes me merry. I must have a Name for Cupid too. Let me see, thou might'st help me now, an' thou wouldest, *Numps*, at a dead Lift; but thou art dreaming o' the Stocks still. Do not think on't, I have forgot it; 'tis but a nine Days Wonder, Man; let it not trouble thee.

Wasp. I would the Stocks were about your Neck, Sir, condition I hung by the Heels in them till the Wonder were off from you, with all my Heart.

Cok. Well said, resolute *Numps*: But hark you, Friend, where is the Friendship all this while between my Drum *Damon*, and my Pipe *Pythias*?

Lan. You shall see by and by, Sir.

Cok. You think my Hobby horse is forgotten too; no, I'll see 'em all enact before I go; I shall not know which to love best else.

Knoc. This Gallant has interrupting Vapours, troublesome Vapours; *Whit*, puff with him.

Whit. No, I pre dee, Captain, let him alone; he is a Child i' faith, la.

Lan. Now Gentiles, to the Friends, who in Number are Two,

And lodg'd in that Ale-house in which fair Hero do's do. Damon (for some kindness done him the last Week)

Is come, fair Hero, in Fish-street, this morning to seek: Pythias

Pythias do's smell the Knavery of the Meeting,
And now you shall see their true friendly greeting.

Pup. Pi. You whore-masterly Slave, you.

Cok. Whore-masterly Slave you? very friendly and familiar, that.

Pup. Da. Whore-master i' thy Face,
Thou hast lain with her thy self, I'll prov't i' this Place.

Cok. Damon says, Pythias has lain with her himself,
he'll prove't in this Place.

Lan. They are Whore-masters both, Sir, that's a plain Case.

Pup. Pi. You lie like a Rogue.

Lan. Do I lie like a Rogue?

Pup. Pi. A Pimp and a Scab.

Lan. A Pimp and a Scab?

I say, between you, you have both but one Drab.

Pup. Da. You lie again.

Lan. Do I lie again?

Pup. Da. Like a Rogue again.

Lan. Like a Rogue again?

Pup. Pi. And you are a Pimp again.

Cok. And you are a Pimp again, he says.

Pup. Da. And a Scab again.

Cok. And a Scab again, he says.

Lan. And I say again, you are both Whore-masters again.

And you have both but one Drab again. [They fight.

Pup. Da. Pi. Dost thou, dost thou, dost thou?

Lan. What, both at once?

Pup. P. Down with him, Damon.

Pup. D. Pink bis Guts, Pythias.

Lan. What so malicious?

Will ye murder me, Masters both, i' my own House?

Cok. Ho! well acted my Drum, well acted, my Pipe well acted still.

Wasp. Well acted, with all my heart.

Lan. Hold, hold your hands.

Cok. I, both your hands, for my sake! for you ha' both done well.

Pup. D. Gramercy, pure Pythias.

Pup. P. Gramercy, dear Damon.

Cok.

Cok. Gramercy to you both, my *Pipe* and my *Drum*.

Pup. P. D. Come, now we'll together to breakfast to Hero.

Lan. 'Tis well you can now go to breakfast to Hero.

You have given me my breakfast, with a hone and honero.

Cok. How is't, Friend, ha' they hurt thee?

Lan. O no!

Between you and I, Sir, we do but make show.

Thus, Gentiles, you perceive, without any denial,

'Twixt Damon and Pythias here, Friendship's true tryal.

Tho' hourly they quarrel thus, and roar each with other,

They fighe you no more than do's Brother with Brother.

But friendly together, at the next Man they meet,

They let fly their Anger, as here you might see't.

Cok. Well, we have seen't, and thou hast felt it, whatsoever thou sayest. What's next? what's next?

Lan. This while young Leander with fair Hero is drinking,

And Hero grown drunk, to any Man's thinking!

Yet was it not three Pints of Sherry could flaw her,

Till Cupid distinguish'd like Jonas the Drawer,

From under his Apron, where his leachery lurks,

Put Love in her Sack. Now mark how it works.

Pup. H. O Leander, Leander, my dear, my dear Leander,

I'll for ever be thy Goose, so thou'lt be my Gander.

Cok. Excellently well said, Fiddle, she'll ever be his Goose, so he'll be her Gander; was't not so?

Lan. Yes, Sir, but mark his Answer now.

Pup. L. And sweetest of Geese, before I go to Bed,

I'll swim o'er the Thames, my Goose, thee to tread.

Cok. Brave! he will swim o'er the Thames, and tread his Goose to night, he says.

Lan. I, peace, Sir, they'll be angry if they hear you eaves-dropping, now they are setting their match.

Pup. L. But lest the Thames should be dark, my Goose, my dear Friend,

Let thy window be provided of a Candle's end.

Pup. H. Fear not, my Gander, I protest I should handle My matters very ill, if I had not a whole Candle.

Pup. L. Well then, look to't, and kiss me to boot.

Lan,

Lan. Now here come the Friends again, Pythias and Damon,

[Damon and Pythias enter.

And under their Cloaks they have of Bacon a Gammon.

Pup. P. Drawer, fill some Wine here.

Lan. How, some Wine there?

There's Company already, Sir, pray forbear!

Pup. D. 'Tis Hero.

Lan. Yes, but she will not be taken,

After Sack and Fresh-Herring, with your Dunmow-bacon.

Pup. P. You lie, it's Westfabian.

Lan. Westphalian you should say.

Pup. D. If you hold not your Peace, you are a Coxcomb I would say.

[Leander and Hero are kissing.

Pup. What's here, what's here? kiss, kiss, upon kiss?

Lan. I, wherefore should they not? what harm is in this? 'tis Mistress Hero.

Pup. D. Mistress Hero's a whore.

Lan. Is she a whore? keep you quiet, or, Sir Knaave, out of door.

Pup. D. Knaave out of door?

Pup. H. Yes, Knaave out of door.

Pup. D. Whore out of door.

[Here the Puppets

Pup. H. I say, Knaave out of door.

quarrel and fall

Pup. D. I say, Whore out of door.

together by the

Pup. P. Yea, so say I too.

Ears.

Pup. H. Kiss the whore o' the Arse.

Lan. Now you ha' something to do:

You must kiss her o' the Arses she says.

Pup. D. P. So we will, so we will.

Pup. H. O my Haunches, O my Haunches, bold, bold.

Lan. Stand'st thou still?

Leander, wher art thou? stand'st thou still like a Sot,
And not offer'st to break both their Heads with a Pot?
See who's at thine Elbow there! Puppet Jonas and Cupid;

Pup. I. Upon'em, Leander, be not so stupid. [They fight.

Pup. L. You Goat-bearded Slave!

Pup. D. You whore-master Knaave.

Pup. L. Thou art a whore-master.

Pup. I. Whore masters all.

Lan. See Cupid with a word has tane up the Brawl.

Knoc. These be fine Vapours!

Cok.

Cok. By this good day they fight bravely ! do they not, *Numps* ?

Waf. Yes, they lack'd but you to their second all this while.

Lan. *This tragical encounter falling out thus to busie us,
It raises up the Ghost of their Friend Dionysius ;
Not like a Monarch, but the Master of a School,
In a Scrivener's furr'd Gown, which shews he is no Fool.
For therein he hath wit enough to keep himself warm.
O Damon, he cries, and Pythias, what harm
Hath poor Dionysius done you in his Grave,
That after his death you should fall out thus and rave,
And call amorous Leander whore master Knave ?*

Pup. D. I cannot, I will not, I promise you, endure it.

SCENE V.

To them Busy.

Bus. Down with *Dagon*, down with *Dagon* ; 'tis I, will no longer endure your Profanations.

Lan. What mean you, Sir ?

Bus. I will remove *Dagon* there, I say, that *Idol*, that heathenish *Idol*, that remains (as I may say) a Beam, a very Beam, not a Beam of the *Sun*, nor a Beam of the *Moon*, nor a Beam of a Ballance, neither a House-Beam, nor a Weavers Beam, but a Beam in the Eye, in the Eye of the Brethren ; a very great Beam, an exceeding great Beam ; such as are your *Stage-players*, *Rimers*, and *Morrice-dancers*, who have walked hand in hand, in contempt of the *Brethren*, and the *Cause* ; and been born out by Instruments of no mean Countenance.

Lan. Sir, I present nothing but what is licens'd by Authority.

Bus. Thou art all *License*, even *Licentiousness* it self, *Shimei* !

Lan. I have the Master of the *Revell's* Hand for't, Sir.

Bus. The Master of *Rebells* hand, thou hast *Satan's* ! hold thy peace, thy scurrility, shut up thy Mouth, thy Profession is damnable, and in pleading for it thou dost plead for *Baal*. I have long opened my Mouth wide and gaped, I have gaped as the Oyster for the Tide, after thy destruction : but cannot compass it by suit or dispute ;

pute; so that I look for a Bickering, ere long, and then a Battel.

Kno. Good *Banbury Vapours*.

Cok. Friend, you'd have an ill Match on't, if you bicker with him here, though he be no Man o' the Fist, he has Friends that will go to Cuffs for him. *Numps*, will not you take our side?

Edg. Sir, it shall not need, in my Mind he offers him a fairer Course, to end it by disputation! hast thou nothing to say for thy self, in defence of thy quality?

Lan. Faith, Sir, I am not well studied in these Controversies, between the Hypocrites and us. But here's one of my *Motion*, *Puppet Dionysius*, shall undertake him, and I'll venture the Cause on't.

Cok. Who? my Hobby-horse? will he dispute with him?

Lan. Yes, Sir, and make a Hobby-As of him, I hope.

Cok. That's excellent! indeed he looks like the best Scholar of 'em all. Come, Sir, you must be as good as your Word now.

Bus. I will not fear to make my Spirit and Gifts known! assist me Zeal, fill me, fill me, that is, make me full.

Win-w. What a desperate, prophane Wretch is this! is there any Ignorance or Impudence like his? to call his Zeal to fill him against a *Puppet*?

Qua. I know no fitter Match than a *Puppet* to commit with an Hypocrite!

Bus. First, I say unto thee, Idol, thou hast no *Calling*.

Pup. D. You lie, I am call'd *Dionysius*.

Lan. The *Motion* says, you lie, he is call'd *Dionysius* i' the matter, and to that *calling* he answers.

Bus. I mean no *vocation*, *Idol*, no present lawful *Calling*.

Pup. D. Is yours a lawful *Calling*?

Lan. The *Motion* asketh, if yours be a lawful *Calling*?

Bus. Yes, mine is of the Spirit.

Pup. D. Then *Idol* is a lawful *Calling*.

Lan.

Lan. He says, then *Idol* is a lawful *Calling*; for you call'd him *Idol*, and your *Calling* is of the Spirit.

Cok. Well disputed, Hobby-horse.

Bus. Take not part with the wicked, young Gallant: He neigheth and hinnieth, all is but hinnying Sophistry. I call him *Idol* again; yet, I say, his *Calling*, his Profession is prophane, it is prophane, *Idol*.

Pup. D. *It is not prophane.*

Lan. It is not prophane, he says.

Bus. It is prophane.

Pup. *It is not prophane.*

Bus. It is prophane.

Pup. *It is not prophane.*

Lan. Well said, confute him with *not*, still. You cannot bear him down with your base noise, Sir.

Bus. Nor he me, with his treble creaking, though he creak like the Chariot Wheels of *Satan*; I am zealous for the Cause——

Lan. As a Dog for a Bone.

Bus. And I say, it is prophane, as being the Page of *Pride*, and the Waiting woman of *Vanity*.

Pup. D. *Yea? what say you to your Tire-women, then?*

Lan. Good.

Pup. Or *Feather-makers* i' the Fryers, that are o' your faction of faith? Are not they, with their *Perukes*, and their *Puffs*, their *Fans*, and their *Huffs*, as much Pages of *Pride*, and Waiters upon *Vanity*? What say you? What say you? What say you?

Bus. I will not answer for them.

Pup. Because you cannot, because you cannot. Is a Bugle maker a lawful *Calling*? is the Confect makers? such you have there; or your French Fashioner? you'd have all the Sin within your selves, would you not? would you not?

Bus. No, Dagon.

Pup. What then, *Dagonet*? is a Puppet worse than these?

Bus. Yes, and my main Argument against you is, that you are an *Abomination*; for the Male, among you, putteth on the Apparel of the Female, and the Female of the Male.

Pup. You lye, you lye, you lye abominably.

Cok.

Cok. Good, by my Troth, he has given him the lye thrice.

Pup. *It is your old stale Argument against the Players, but it will not hold against the Puppets; for we have neither Male nor Female amongst us. And that thou may'st see, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblind zeal as thou art!* [The Puppet takes up his Garment.

Edg. By my faith, there he has answer'd you, Friend, by plain demonstration.

Pup. Nay, I'll prove, against e'er a Rabbin of 'em all, that my Standing is as lawful as his; that I speak by Inspiration, as well as he; that I have as little to do with learning as he; and do scorn her helps as much as he.

Bus. I am confuted, the Cause hath failed me.

Pup. Then be converted, be converted.

Lan. Be converted, I pray you, and let the Play go on!

Bus. Let it go on; for I am changed, and will become a Beholder with you!

Cok. That's brave i' faith, thou hast carried it away, Hobby-horse, on with the Play!

Just. Stay, now do I forbid; I am Adam Overdo! sit still, I charge you. [The Justice discovers himself.

Cok. What, my Brother i' Law!

Gra. My wife Guardian!

Edg. Justice Overdo!

Just. It is time to take Enormity by the Forehead, and brand it; for I have discover'd enough.

SCENE VI.

To them, Quarlous, (like the Madman;) Pure-craft; (a while after) John: To them, Trouble-all, Ursla, Nightingale.

Quar. Nay come, Mistress Bride; you must do as I do, now. You must be mad with me, in Truth. I have here Justice Overdo for it.

Just. Peace, good Trouble-all; come hither, and you shall trouble none. I will take the charge of you, and your Friend too; you also, young Man, shall be my care; stand there.

[To the Cut-purse, and Mistress Little-wit.

Edg. Now, Mercy upon me.

Kno.

Kno. Would we were away, *Whit*, these are dangerous Vapours, best fall off with our Birds for fear o' the Cage. *[The rest are stealing away.]*

Just. Stay, is not my Name your Terror?

Whi. Yesh faith Man, and it ish for tat we would be gone, Man.

Job. O Gentlemen! did not you see a Wife of mine? I ha' lost my little Wife, as I shall be trusted: my little pretty *Win*. I left her at a great Woman's House in trust yonder, the Pig-woman's, with Captain *Jordan*, and Captain *Whit*, very good Men, and I cannot hear of her. Poor Fool, I fear she's stepp'd aside. Mother, did you not see *Win*?

Just. If this grave Matron be your Mother, Sir, stand by her, *Et digito compeſce labellum*, I may perhaps spring a Wife for you, anon. Brother *Bartholomew*, I am sadly sorry to see you so lightly given, and such a *Disciple* of Enormity, with your grave Governor *Humphrey*: But stand you both there, in the middle Place; I will apprehend you in your Course. Mistress *Grace*, let me rescue you out of the Hands of the Stranger.

Win-w. Pardon me, Sir, I am a Kinsman of hers.

Just. Are you so? of what name, Sir?

Win-w. *Win-wife*, Sir.

Just. Master *Win-wife*? I hope you have won no Wife of her, Sir: If you have, I will examine the possibility of it, at fit leisure. Now, to my Enormities: Look upon me, O *London*! and see me, O *Smithfield*! The *Example of Justice*, and *Mirroure of Magistrates*; the true top of Formality, and scourge of Enormity. Harken unto my *Labours*, and but observe my *Discoveries*; and compare *Hercules* with me, if thou dar'st, of old; or *Columbus*, *Magellan*, or our Country-man *Drake* of later times: Stand forth you Weeds of Enormity, and spread. *[To Busy.]* First, *Rabbi Busy*, thou *superlunatical* Hypocrite; *[To Lanthorn.]* Next thou other Extremity, thou prophane Professor of *Puppetry*, little better than *Poetry*: *[To the Horse-courser, and Cut-purse.]* Then thou strong Debaucher and Seducer of Youth; witness this easie and honest young Man: *[To Captain Whit, and Mistress Little-wit.]* Now thou *Esquire of Dames*,
Madams,

Madams, and Twelve-penny Ladies: Now my green *Madam* her self, of the price; let me unmask your *Ladiship*.

Job. O my Wife, my Wife, my Wife!

Just. Is she your Wife? *Redde te Harpocartem!*

Enter Trouble-all.

Trou. By your leave, stand by my Masters, be uncover'd.

Urf. O stay him, stay him, help to cry, *Nightingale*; my Pan, my Pan.

Just. What's the matter?

Nig. He has stoln Grammer *Ursla's* Pan.

Trou. Yes, and I fear no Man but *Justice Overdo*.

Just. *Ursla*? where is she? O the Sow of Enormity, this! welcome, stand you there; you, Songster, there.

[To Ursla and Nightingale.]

Urf. An' please your Worship, I am in no fault: A Gentleman stripp'd him in my Booth, and borrow'd his Gown, and his Hat; and he ran away with my Goods here for it.

Just. Then this is the true Mad-man, and you are the Enormity! *[To Quarlous.]*

Qua. You are i' the right; I am mad, but from the Gown outward.

Just. Stand you there.

Qua. Where you please, Sir.

Over. O lend me a Bason, I am sick, I am sick; where's Mr. *Overdo*? *Bridget*, call hither my *Adam*.

[Mrs. Overdo is sick, and her Husband is silenc'd.]

Just. How?

Whi. Dy very own Wife, i' fait, worshipful *Adam*.

Over. Will not my *Adam* come at me? Shall I see him no more then?

Qua. Sir, why do you not go on with the Enormity? Are you oppress'd with it? I'll help you: Hark you, Sir, i' your Ear; your *Innocent Young Man*, you have ta'en such Care of all this Day; is a *Cut purse*, that hath got all your Brother *Cokes's* Things, and help'd you to your Beating, and the Stocks; if you have a mind to hang him now, and shew him now your *Magistrates* Wit, you may: But I should think it were better recovering the Goods,

Goods, and to save your Estimation in him. I thank you, Sir, for the Gift of your *Ward*, Mrs. *Grace*: Look you, here is your Hand and Seal, by the way. Mr. *Winwife* give you Joy, you are *Palemon*, you are posselt o'the Gentlewoman, but she must pay me Value, here's Warrant for it. And, honest Mad-man, there's thy Gown and Cap again; I thank thee for my Wife. [*To the Widow.*] Nay, I can be mad, Sweet-heart, when I please still; never fear me: And careful *Numps*, where's he? I thank him for my Licence.

Wasp. How!

[*Wasp* misseth the Licence.

Qua. 'Tis true, *Numps*.

Wasp. I'll be hang'd then.

Qua. Look i' your Box, *Numps*; nay, Sir, stand not you fix'd here, like a Stake in *Finsbury*, to be shot at, or the Whipping-Post i' the *Fair*, but get your Wife out o' the Air, it will make her worse else; and remember you are but *Adam*, Flesh and Blood! you have your frailty, forget your other Name of *Overdo*, and invite us all to Supper. There you and I will compare our *Discoveries*; and drown the Memory of all Enormity in your biggest Bowl at home.

Cok. How now, *Numps*, ha' you lost it? I warrant 'twas when thou wert i' the Stocks: Why dost not speak?

Wasp. I will never speak while I live again, for ought I know.

Just. Nay, *Humphrey*, if I be patient, you must be so too; this pleasant conceited Gentleman hath wrought upon my judgment, and prevail'd: I pray you take care of your sick Friend, Mistress *Alice*, and my good Friends all. —

Qua. And no Enormities.

Just. I invite you home with me to my House to Supper: I will have none fear to go along, for my Intent is *Ad correctionem, non ad destructionem; ad ædificandum, non ad diruendum*: So lead on.

Cok. Yes, and bring the Actors along, we'll ha' the rest o' the *Play* at home.

THE END.



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